

THE CHILD'S STORY



OF THE

GREATEST CENTURY



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EDISON MAKING A PHONOGRAPH

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

THE CHILD'S Story of the Greatest Century

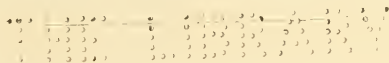
A MARVELOUS RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Wonderful Inventions in Steam and Electricity which have Changed all Methods of Manufacture and Modes of Life and Travel—The Great Discoveries of Science which have Revolutionized the World—The Exploration and Development of New Lands and Territory—The Increase in Population and Wealth—Great Wars of Europe and America with their Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, Grant, Lee, Farragut, and Other Heroes of Land and Sea—Told in Easy Language and Charming Way—All Stranger than Fiction and far more Fascinating.

By CHARLES MORRIS, LL.D.

Author of "The Greater Republic," "Famous Men and Great Events of the 19th Century,"
"The Child's History of the United States," etc., etc.

Embellished with Lithograph Color Plates and Thirty-two
Full Page Half-Tone Engravings Illustrating
the Greatest Events of the Century



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A Few Words with My Young Friends



IF any of my young friends are newspaper readers, they must have seen a great deal said in the beginning of the year 1900 about the Nineteenth Century. Thus there was quite a dispute about when it began and when it ended. Some said it began with the year 1800 and ended with the year 1899. Others said it began January 1, 1801, and ended at the close of December, 1900. Nearly everybody thought the last dates to be the right ones, for they said that the first century began on the first day of the year 1, the second century on the first day of the year 101, and all other centuries in the same way, till the nineteenth century, which began with the year 1801.

I do not think we need trouble ourselves much about this. I am not writing this book to tell when the nineteenth century began and ended, but what it was like and what great things took place in it. There have been many important centuries since the world began, but most men say that the nineteenth century was the most important of them all. It did more for man and for civilization than any two centuries that had gone before it.

**The Greatest
Century**

No one can know what history means, or what the progress of the world has been, unless he knows a great deal about this wonderful century. It has been the century of invention. When it began men did the most of their work with their hands; now they do the most of it with machines. It has been the century of science. When it began men knew very little about the great forces and forms of the universe;

A FEW WORDS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS

now they know a great deal about electricity and light and heat and a hundred other things. It has been the century of progress in human liberty. The slaves of a hundred years ago are free men to-day, and the people of the nations have far more liberty than they had in the past ages.

These are some of the things we owe to the nineteenth century. They are not the whole of them. It has been a century crowded with marvels, full of great events and wonderful discoveries. It has had its triumphs of war and its greater triumphs of peace; its great warriors and its greater statesmen; its great doers and its greater thinkers. The past centuries were centuries of action more than of thought; this has been a century alike of thought and of action. Man's hands have been busy, but his brain has been busier, and the triumphs of the nineteenth century are the triumphs of the mind.

I hope the readers of this little book understand what I have just said. If any part of it is not clear to them they must read on to the end to learn what it all means. This book is the story of the lives and acts of the people now liv-

**A Century of
Marvels** ing on the earth and of their fathers and grand-fathers. It should be of interest to all of us on that account.

The story of the nineteenth century is a wonderful one in every way. There is nothing else so wonderful in the history of the world. None of the tales of adventure you may have read are of more interest than the facts of this great century, and I am sure you will agree with me when you have read this book through.

That is all I have to say here. One cannot say everything in a preface. And none of you, when you are invited to a good dinner, care much to be told what is on the table. You would rather find out for yourselves. So with these few words I throw open the doors of the dining hall, and let you in to the feast of good things which has been prepared for you.

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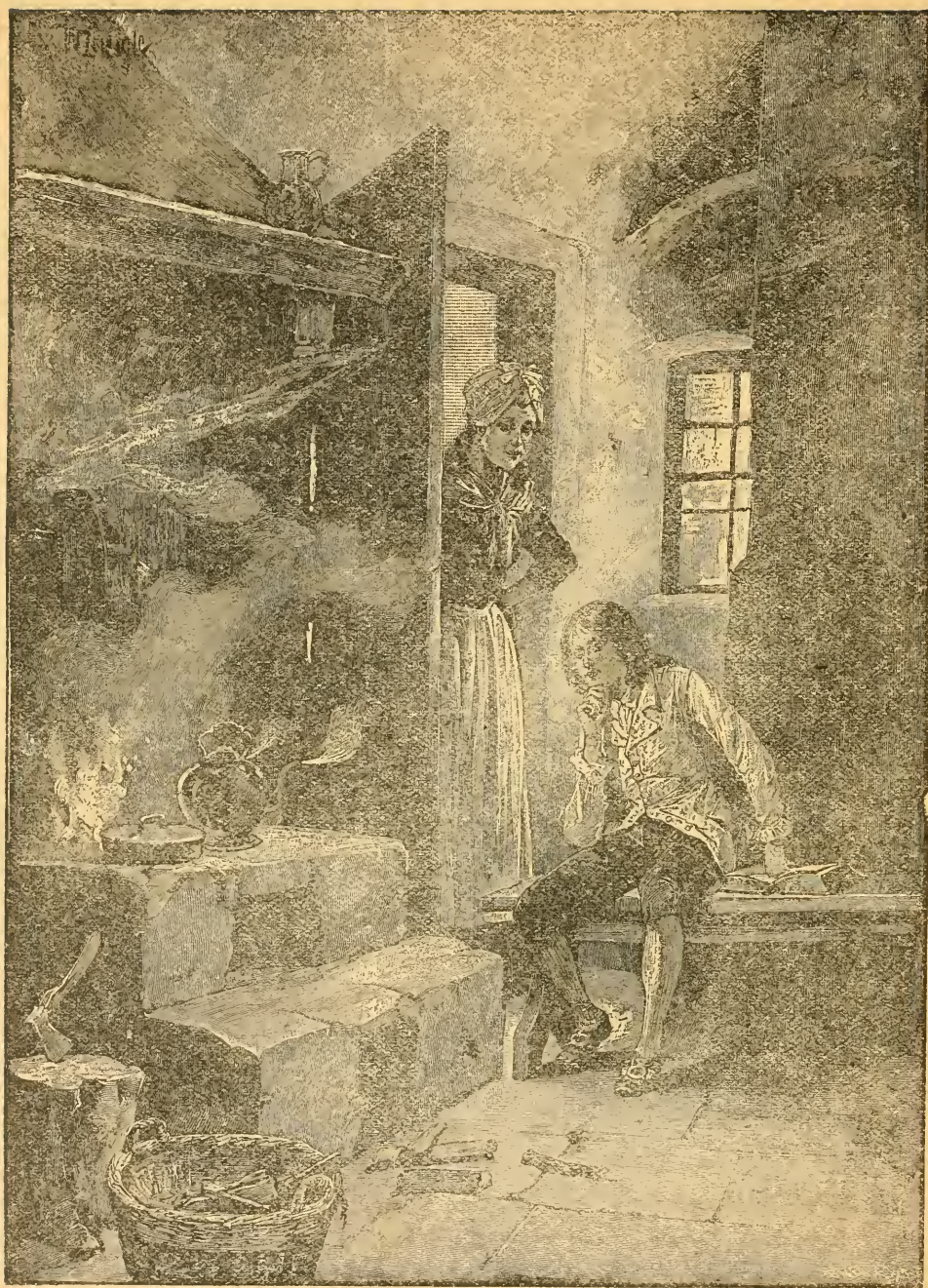
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THE THOUGHTFUL BOY WHO INVENTED THE STEAM ENGINE

James Watt the inventor of the first successful steam engine died in 1819. His discovery made possible the railroads, steamships and our most powerful machinery. The wonderful 19th Century owes more, perhaps, to this thoughtful boy than to any other inventor.

CHAPTER I

A Railroad Ride through the Century



ALL ABOARD!" Crowd in, boys and girls, all of you. Bring your field glasses and cameras, for there is much to be seen and many pictures which you will like to take. And don't forget your lunch boxes, lest you should grow hungry on the road. "All aboard! Go ahead!"

It is a strange journey we are going to take. Our route lies not through space, but through time. Not over land and water, but backward over the years. Not to where your friends live in some distant city or state, but to where your grandfathers lived in a distant time. We are going back- at lightning speed for a hundred years; then we will come on by accommodation train to the present time, stopping at all the important stations for a long look around. But no one must leave the train until the engine comes puffing in to the station 1900, at the end of the journey.

A Hundred
Years' Ride

It is a trip from 1800 to 1900 that I wish you to take, and you must try to see all that is worth seeing on the road. Here you will go through great cities and there over broad plains. Here you will see men working, and there you will see men fighting. Here you will see the first locomotive and telegraph, and there you will see flags flying and hear the trumpet and drum. It is a wonderful journey that lies before you, with much to see and much to think about. "All aboard! Go ahead!"

Here we are at station 1800. Jump out briskly. Tell the engineer to wait for orders. Before we get on the cars to start back I want you to take a good look around this station. You all know something about what the year 1900 is like, and I want you to know what the world looked like a hundred years before, the world your grandfathers were born into.

I wish we had a map of the world a century old ; it would be of use just now. Have you ever seen such a map of the United States? It was a pretty big country then, but it has grown from a child into a man since that time. It stopped short at the Mississippi River, and all the vast country west of this river belonged to Spain. It did not even go as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, for Spain owned Florida and a strip of land many miles wide along the Gulf. So our forefathers were pretty well crowded in, you see. They could not even go down to the mouth of the Mississippi without passing through a foreign country, for the lower channel of this great river belonged to Spain.

You can see we did not have a very large country then alongside of the United States of to-day, spreading out, as it does, from ocean to ocean across the continent. But, for all that, it was too large for the people in it. Great part of it was wild forest, in which only wild beasts and savage Indians lived. Most of our people had their homes in the states along the Atlantic coast, and all their cities lay close to the ocean side. These were not much of cities. We would call most of them towns to-day. When we look at such great cities as New York and Philadelphia, each with much more than a million people, and look back at what they were then, we seem to see a mere handful of people brought together.

Would you have liked to live in those cities? I do not think you would. George Washington and Benjamin

Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and other great men lived in them and thought them very fine, but if they had ever lived in the way people live to-day they might have changed their minds. Most of the streets at that time were like country roads, dusty in summer and muddy in winter. Our smooth asphalt and brick pavements had not been thought of then.

Yet I ought to go back a little farther, for the great age of invention began in the eighteenth century. It was then we got the steam-engine, which I may call the father of invention, for if it had not been for this, much of the machinery we now have would be of no use. Some of our machines, such as the bicycle and the sewing-machine are worked by foot-power ; some of them, like the mowing and reaping machines, are worked by horse-power ; but the large and swift machines are worked by steam-power ; so we would be very badly off indeed without the steam-engine. Some day the electric-engine may take its place, but that day has not come yet.

**The Father of
Invention**

Other important machines were invented in the eighteenth century. These were machines for spinning and weaving, the cotton-gin, the first steamboat, and various others. But for all that the nineteenth century has been much the greatest century for invention the world has ever known.

I mean to tell you in a later chapter something about our inventors. I cannot tell you much ; there were too many of them ; their inventions run far up into the thousands, though you may not think it. And some of the smallest of these took as much brain work to make as some of the largest. It took as much hard thought to invent a machine to make a pin as to produce one that would make a great steel engine-shaft. So I shall not trouble myself much about big or little in telling you about a few of our leading inventors.

At night the streets were lit up by oil lamps, and often not lit up at all. No one dreamed of gas or electric lights. After dark people who had to go out stumbled about the best they could, and many of them carried lanterns with tallow candles in them.

It was as bad inside as outside. In most houses there was only one room well heated—the kitchen, with its great fireplace and blazing logs. The bedrooms in winter were as cold as Greenland. Father and mother and the little ones went shivering to bed, with only a tallow candle to light them, and got up shivering in the morning.

**Old Time
Comforts**

Often they had to break the ice in the basin to wash their faces. They had very few of the comforts we have to-day. Not one floor in a hundred had a carpet; furniture was rude and plain; pictures and books were few and poor; a hundred little comforts which we have were not thought of; not as much as a match was to be had: you can thank your lucky stars that you live to-day instead of living then.

I might say a great deal more about the United States in those days, but we must leave that country and look at the rest of the world. If any of you had lived a hundred years ago, and gone up to a great height in a balloon, and looked down on the world spread out below you like a vast map, you would have seen life and activity almost everywhere. But the maps which men had in those days did not show much of this, for very little was then known of the world.

Civilized people knew a good deal about Europe and something about America, but they did not know much about the rest of the earth. If you had looked on a map of Africa at that time you would have seen a narrow strip around the coast with names and places, and a broad region inside quite bare of names. Nothing was known about this great interior.

Since then travelers have gone all over Africa, and the maps of it we have to-day are full of names of mountains, lakes, rivers, countries and tribes, none of which were known a century ago. It is almost as if we had discovered a new world.

The map of Asia had not much more to show. A good deal was known about India, Persia, and Arabia, but most of the continent seemed a broad, blank space. Hardly anything was known about China and less about Japan—though we know a great deal about those **Countries** **Little Known** countries to-day—and the centre and north of Asia might as well have been in the moon. The great island of Australia was not much better known, and many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean had never been seen.

If you had lived in 1800 and had seen a map of the world as it was known then, I am afraid you would have stared at it and asked what all those blank places meant, and if they were all great deserts. You might have asked who lived in Africa, and what countries there were in Asia, and what was to be seen in Australia. Nobody could have answered you. But to-day you could be told nearly all about those countries. This is one of the most wonderful things that has been done in the nineteenth century. The world has been discovered. For the first time in the history of man we are able to make a map of nearly the whole earth. I think that is a great deal to say, for it has been the work of hundreds of brave travelers, who went among savage peoples at the risk of their lives. Many of them never came back again. Some were killed and some starved to death; some perished of cold in the Arctic ice and some of heat on the equator. When you are thinking of the courage of brave soldiers, just think of these men, who were in their way the bravest of soldiers, and gave their lives for the good of mankind.

Is that the locomotive I hear whistling? Some one tell the engineer to hold on. We are not ready to start yet. There is a good deal still to be seen around the station 1800, and we must make our own time-table for this trip.

Take hold of hands, all of you. Now let us make a lightning leap to yonder mountain-top. We are traveling through time, you know, and there is no lead in our feet to hold us down. Here we are. Look down on the country spread before you, the country of 1800, and let me know what you see.

“There are no railroads,” some one says. “I cannot see an iron rail nor a locomotive anywhere.” I fancy you cannot. You are away back before the time of railroads and locomotives. Look at the lumbering coach, drawn by four or more sturdy horses, in the highroad yonder, with the driver cracking his whip proudly in the air. Now he sounds his horses, and now the coach stops before a wayside inn, with a creaking sign at the top of a high post, and out leap the half dozen or whole dozen of travelers. That inn was the station of the year 1800.

**Traveling a
Century Ago**

“But are these all the travelers?” you ask.

Yes, indeed; you see the whole of them. When we stand in a modern railway station, with its hundreds of people coming and going, hour by hour, it is hard to believe that one or two stage coaches, with a dozen or two of passengers, made up the daily travel of a century ago. But such is the case. Men who had to go a hundred miles from home made their wills and bade good-bye to their families and friends, for they were afraid they would never see them again.

And on that river, where you would now see a dozen steamboats and a crowd of puffing tugboats, you can see, from our present outlook, only a few vessels moved by sails. The steamboat was yet to come. It is true that a little, awkward

sort of boat was run by steam on the Delaware River before 1800, but it was not the kind of craft that people cared to travel in, and it soon went out of sight again.

Look farther and see what else is in view. Far and wide stretch before you great forests, broken here and there by settlements, where farmers are busy at work in their fields. But just see the tools they are using! There goes a row of brawny men, with long curved scythes, cutting down the tall grass of the fields. And yonder are other men, with short curved blades, called sickles, gathering and clipping off the wheat stalks as they go. And in the barns are other stalwart fellows, with long linked sticks, which they call flails, beating the straw to knock out the grains of wheat or oats. In some places we may see cattle driven over the straw to tread out the grain.

**Farming, Past
and Present**

How different is all this from farm work nowadays! Why, you might go to-day almost from end to end of this country and not see a scythe, a wheat sickle, or a flail. Instead, you would see horses drawing light machines through the fields, which mow down the grass and cut and bind the wheat stalks, and plant the seed, and do almost everything else needed. And in the barn you would see threshing machines which make short work of separating the grain from the straw.

The nineteenth century has been the century of machines. In 1800 nearly all the work of the farm was done by hand. In 1900 it was nearly all done by machines, and one man could do as much as ten men in the past. And so it was with nearly all other kinds of work. Looking from your mountain-top you will see none of the great factories, filled with rattling machinery, in which the work of the world is now done. In 1800 very much of this work was done at home, with small, simple tools and machines, and the age of the factory was just coming on. The steam-engine had lately

been invented, but it was like a baby still. Many years would be needed for it to grow into a giant.

Look again. What else has our mountain outlook to show? One thing you may see is that people had to work very hard in 1800. Hand work is hard work; machine work is easy work. Then every one worked till the sun sank out of sight, and went to bed tired enough. Most of our people to-day hardly know what hard work is.

There was not much time for amusements. The very play was work. In the houses there were spinning and sewing, and quilting parties; in the barns there were husking frolics; after a wedding the neighbors came to help at the house-raising; men went hunting and fishing for food more than for sport. They called all this amusement, but it was work as well. They could not afford to waste time in play. Yet I have no doubt they enjoyed it all. They were hearty, honest folks, who did not have many holidays, but got all the fun they could out of what they had.

Ha! there sounds the whistle again! Let us skip back to the station. If we stop to see more the train may start without us. Hurry up, little and big, boys and girls! Jump on the cars! There screams the whistle with its "Toot! Too-oo-oot! Toot!" There sounds the engine bell, with its "Clang! Cling! Clang!" "All aboard! Go ahead!"



Never was there a more worthy act of murder than that of the monster Marat, the most savage of the leaders of the Reign of Terror, by the knife of the devoted maiden

Charlotte Corday. She boldly avowed her guilt and its purpose, and suffered death by the guillotine. July 17, 1793.



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS

The renowned exploit of Hannibal leading an army across the lofty and frozen passes of the Alps was emulated by Napoleon in 1800, when he led his army across the St. Bernard Pass, descended like a torrent on the Austrians in Italy, and defeated them in the great battle of Marengo

CHAPTER II.

America from a Car Window.



AWAY we go, rattling down the century. A queer sort of railroad ride, isn't it? If you look from the car windows you will not see fields and woods and towns sweeping past, as we do when we travel through the country ; but you will see events taking place ; you will see the years pass before you like a panorama ; you will see forests falling, and cities growing, and men marching and working, and all those things going on which make up the history of a century.

First, there spreads before us the republic of the west, the United States. Let us take our pioneer trip through that fresh young land. If you look back to the year 1600 you will see there only a wilderness, the home of the wild beast and the savage Indian. Go on to 1700 and you behold a few settlements of white men near the ocean shores, but all the vast back country is a wilderness still. Now onward to 1800. See what a change !

**From 1600
to 1900**

The settlements have grown and spread until there are more than five million white men in the land, and a new nation has arisen, a nation without a king or a duke, a lord or a baron, and in which the only nobles are the people themselves. Leap now to 1900, and we find this young nation to be one of the greatest and strongest and richest and noblest on the face of the earth.

Onward we fly down the years, but not to the century's end ; we are brought to a halt by a great event in the history

of the new-born nation. In 1800 it went west to the Mississippi River, and there it stopped. Any of your forefathers who crossed that stream found himself in a foreign land, for all the vast country on the other side belonged to Spain.

That country had once belonged to France, whose people called it Louisiana, after their king, Louis XIV. Then it was given to Spain, and in 1801 Spain gave it back to France. It was like a bad penny, passing from hand to hand. And now an important event took place which we must stop to observe before we rattle on.

The Americans of that time did not want this vast wilderness of Louisiana. They had more land already than they knew what to do with. What they did want was the city of New Orleans. They wished their vessels to go down the

**The Louisiana
Purchase**

Mississippi to the sea without sailing through land held by the soldiers of Spain or France, and which might be closed against them at any time.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then the emperor of France, was asked to sell New Orleans to the United States. He was then at war with England and other countries, and did not care a fig for all the wild land beyond the seas. What he wanted was money to buy food and arms for his soldiers. So he offered to sell, not only New Orleans, but the whole vast country of Louisiana, to the United States for fifteen million dollars. Thomas Jefferson was then President. He agreed to buy that great region, and by a stroke of the pen it became part of the United States.

Look out from your car windows on the year 1803, and see what it has to show. You behold the United States sweeping across the Mississippi River and away west to the Rocky Mountains, and growing in a moment to more than double its old size. It is like some of the stories you may have read of a man planting a twig at night and finding a tree

in the morning. But if you look westward from the station 1803 over this new territory I fear you will see nothing but mist and fog. You know that it has its tribes of Indians, its strange animals, its mighty mountains, its wonders of nature, but you see them only like dim ghosts of things. President Jefferson had made a leap in the dark. He did not know what he had bought. So he sent out two daring men, Captains Lewis and Clark, to travel as far west as they could and come back and tell him what they had seen.

These bold men plunged into that unknown land as we might plunge into a deep cloud. For two years and a half they were lost to sight; no one knew if they were dead or alive. Then they came back again, after going Lewis and Clark over eight thousand miles of unknown land.

They had a wonderful story to tell of broad plains and great rivers, of mighty mountains and grand forests, of strange tribes of Indians and endless troops of buffaloes. They had gone on till they reached the great Pacific Ocean, and then turned back. People read the story of their adventures as we read to-day an exciting tale of travel. Only then did the people begin to see how rich and great a country President Jefferson had bought.

We are off again now for the next station in our journey. As we pass swiftly on we see rapid changes taking place around us. People are going west in wagons with their families and goods, or floating down the rivers in rude boats. The trees are falling, the fields are being planted, new homes are rising, towns are extending. The nation is growing. And soon we see something new on the inland streams. The steinboat appears and begins to beat the water with its broad paddles and glides on without oars or sails.

The people are looking angrily out to sea. What do they behold? There is trouble on the ocean waves. British

warships are stopping our merchant vessels and taking men from them. Many deep-laden ships are seized and all their cargoes taken. The Indians are being stirred up to war by British scouts. All over the land you may see the people talking in anger. They have had a war for liberty with England, now they want a war for justice and right. We hear them cry, "Free trade and Sailors' rights!"

In a moment more we are in the year 1812. Drums are beating and soldiers are marching. War has begun. Fighting takes place, by land and sea. Now the British win battles and now the Americans, but neither side is much the better for the fighting, and not much glory is gained on shore.

Let us leave the land and look out to sea. Before our eyes proud ships are meeting and great guns are roaring. Nearly everywhere we see the old English flag going down

Three Years of War and the young American flag floating in victory. America's little fleet is sweeping the seas, fighting the British ships wherever it finds them, and bringing them in triumph to port, while the nations of the world look on in wonder. We can almost hear them hailing the young republic as mistress of the seas.

And so before our eyes the war goes on to its end and both parties stop fighting. Three years of war—what has been gained by it? Not much; but the Yankees have won what they fought for. After that the British warships let their merchant vessels and sailors alone. They have been taught that America will not stand that sort of thing.

"All aboard again!" "Put on steam!" Away once more we sweep through the years. And as we look out around us a wonderful vision passes before our eyes. Peace spreads its white wings over all the land. Men have quit fighting and gone to working. Everywhere you can hear the hammer and saw, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs.

Everywhere you can see men busy at work in field and village. From every port ships set out for foreign shores, deep laden with goods. Other ships bring sturdy men from Europe to make their homes in our land. Peace brings wealth, and day by day the country grows richer.

As we look out, east and west, north and south, we see new roads being made, new towns started, new cities built. In New York state a wonderful work is being done. Hundreds of men, with spades and other tools in their hands, swarm over hill and dale, digging the earth and blasting the rocks. The great Erie Canal is being dug.

Before many years pass we see it finished and the water flowing in till it is filled. The long lines of canal boats begin their journey, carrying the grain of the West to the cities of the East. And through all the rest of the century on they go, a steady stream of boats, bearing grain to the East and goods to the West.

**The Great
Erie Canal**

A few years more and another strange sight meets our eyes. Here and there we notice a double line of iron rails, running straight onward. And over them roar and rattle smoking engines and trains of loaded cars. The railroad and the locomotive are with us at last, the giant agents of modern travel and modern industry. The world has moved slowly till now ; now it will whirl on with tenfold speed.

All around us as we glide ahead on our silent journey we see factories and workshops rising, steam coming from a hundred high chimneys, mines opened and coal and iron being drawn from the hearts of the hills, great fields of cotton and wheat and corn growing ; while the people still march west, driving the Indians before them, cutting down the forest as they go, building new homes everywhere, founding young cities in a hundred places. Never was there such a people as we see around us ; never was there so much done in so short

a time in any other part of the earth. But what is it we hear from the years ahead? Those are not the sounds of hammer and spade, of factory whistle and engine bell. Those sounds are the roll of drums, the crack of rifles, the boom of cannon. War is again abroad in the land. But war itself brings us prosperity, and our country flourishes in the smoke of the battle-field.

There are wars with the Indians, and the red men are forced to give up their hunting grounds to be turned into farms by the whites. There is trouble with Spain, and that country has to sell us the rich region of Florida. There is war in Texas, and that great state is added to our Union.

**The Growth of
the Country**

There is war in Mexico, and the land of gold and silver is added to the United States, the rich regions of California and New Mexico.

One great tract of land comes to us without war, the broad domain of Oregon. This ends the march of our country across the continent. It has spread from ocean to ocean, and extends like a broad belt across the centre of the continent.

All this we see as we glide on and on in our swift and silent journey. The country grows before our eyes. In 1800 it was a large country already, but in 1850 it was four times as large, and no countries in the world, except Russia and China, surpassed it in size. Was not that a wonderful growth for a half century? It was not settled, it is true; that was the work to be done in the next half century.

But the fighting is not at an end; there is more of it before us; a terrible, frightful war which will add nothing to the country, but which seems likely to tear it asunder and rob it of its greatness and strength.

As we go on down the century we hear strange sounds around us. There are fierce disputes in the halls of Congress;

there is fighting in some of the states ; blood is shed, men are full of anger, hot passions are rising everywhere.

It is all about those black-faced laborers whom you see working in the cotton and rice and tobacco fields of the South. They are slaves ; that is, they belong to the men they work for, and can be sold as one would sell a bundle of goods. Many men in the North say this is not right, but the planters in the South say that the slaves are theirs and no one shall rob them of their property. This is what they are talking about so hotly in Congress and over the country. It is this that in time brings on the dreadful Civil War.

Soon our train is stopped by the boom of cannon and we know that the great conflict has begun. We start again and sweep over the years 1861 to 1865, while before us and around us are such scenes as we pray never to see again. All over the country men are assembling and marching, with waving banners and shining guns. In a hundred places armies are fighting, and men are falling by thousands on the blood-red soil. Terrible battles are fought alike in East and West, and the whole country seems full of bloodshed and strife.

**Bloodshed
and Strife**

Put on steam, engineer ! Hurry us on to the end of this frightful war ; it is too terrible to look at long. Ah ! now we behold a new scene. There, in a little village in western Virginia, the great general of the Southern armies gives up his sword to the great general of the North, and the war is at an end. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have died, and only one good thing is left us to think of—the slaves are free, and the Union is saved.

Now we glide into a scene of peace and prosperity. The plough has taken the place of the sword, and everybody, North and South, is hard at work again. Never before did a country grow rich so fast. As we move on we see the fields yield-

ing their corn and cotton, the mills producing their goods and machines, the people fast increasing in numbers, and wealth heaping up on all sides, until our country becomes the richest on the face of the earth.

Great World's Fairs are opened and the people of the nations are bidden to come and see all that we have to show. They come and look on in wonder at the sight. And what many of them most wonder at is the city of Chicago, where

**Great World's
Fairs** the last of these Fairs is held. Sixty years ago this was a small village. Twenty years ago it was set on fire and nearly burned to the ground.

Yet now it has more than a million people and is one of the great cities of the earth. Is not this something to make people wonder and stare? Why, the genii of the Arabian Nights could hardly have done more.

But here we are near the end of our century-long journey. Look again, there is something more to see. In a cold country of the north, which we bought from Russia many years ago, men are busily at work digging gold. This frozen soil of Alaska proves to be rich in the yellow metal.

And a year farther on the roar of cannon begins again. The United States are now at war with Spain, to punish that country for its cruelty to the people of Cuba. It is soon over; the sound of the gun dies away; Cuba is free, and our country has spread out over far-off islands of the sea. It has won islands in the East and the West, and is now lord of the great sugar lands of the earth.

Here we are at last! This noble station is that of the year 1900. How grand and vast it is compared with that from which we set out, a hundred years in the past! Our journey is at an end. We step out on the platform leading to the twentieth century, and wonder what marvels it has in store for us. Can they be greater than those we have seen?



BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND

The sanguinary engagement at Friedland, a small town in East Prussia, fought on June 14, 1807, ended in the defeat of the Russians under Bennigsen by Napoleon's army. It led to the Peace of Tilsit, and the end of a long and desperate war.



NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AT TILSIT (FROM THE PAINTING BY GRÖS)
Tilsit is a city of about 25,000 inhabitants in Eastern Prussia. Here the Treaty of Peace between the French and Russian Emperors and also between France and Prussia was signed in July, 1807.

CHAPTER III

A Bird's-Eye View of the Old World



HOPE every one of you enjoyed the trip through time which we have just taken, for I am going to ask you to set out with me on another journey, this time over the Old World. Do all of my readers know where the Old World is? Of course there is only one world, which takes in the whole earth. But after America was discovered men got in the way of calling it the New World. Then the other continents, which they had known so long, were called the Old World. In that way our one world was split up into two. This was not correct, but it was an easy way of saying what could not be said so easily any other way ; so it is still in use.

We took our trip through the New World by rail. That is, we built a sort of railroad in the mind, and traveled on it down the century. But the Old World is so big and has so many countries that I think one **Off in a Balloon** had better go over it by balloon, and look down on it as a bird does when flying through the clouds.

Jump in the car, then ; cut loose the ropes ; hold on tight, everybody ! Up we go, miles above the earth as it was in the year 1800. Away we dart with the speed of the winds, looking down on the broad lands which lie spread out like a map beneath us. Over Europe and Asia and Africa we swiftly glide, for these are the continents of the Old World. Then we pass out to sea and float over the great island of Australia, which is as large as a continent.

But how little we see of the land beneath us. Clouds spread thickly over it and blot out nearly the whole of Australia and great regions of Africa and Asia. Remember that we are in the year 1800, when very little was known about those continents. A dense cloud of ignorance rested upon them and hid them from view. As you look down you will see that Europe is the only part of the Old World which is free from clouds and can be seen from end to end. We had better float slowly over that continent and take a bird's-eye view of what is going on there.

We see below us a continent of many countries—little and big, high and low. Everywhere there are great throngs of people; but, mercy on us! how poorly they live and how hard they work. Kings and nobles hold all the power, and most of the people live and work like slaves. Look to the far west and you will see the English islands. **Poverty and Hard Work** There the people have the most liberty. They are beginning to see the dawn of better times. Then as we float eastward over France and Germany, the liberty of the people grows less. And when we come to Russia, in the far east, we find that nearly all the people are slaves. In Turkey, which lies to the south, we reach a land in which no one dreams of freedom. Do not forget that we are looking at Europe in the year 1800. You would see much more liberty there if you were in 1900.

Let us sail down the early years of the century, and see what they have to show us. War! war! fighting everywhere! All Europe in turmoil! Soldiers marching, drums beating, guns thundering, houses burning, people bleeding and dying, while over it all waves a blood-red flag, on which is the one word "Glory." But the glory it means is that won on the battle-field; that which evil spirits revel in and which good men detest.

We see, far beneath us, the great armies of France, led by the terrible Napoleon, marching over Europe, while the armies of the other nations gather to oppose him. It is to one man that the world owes all this death and terror. Millions must suffer and die so that he can win glory. And yet, when this man fails and falls, there are many who pity him. But I hope all my readers love deeds of great good more than deeds of great evil. History lays flowers on the graves of great conquerors, but they are flowers wet with blood.

Away we go again down the years. The famous soldier is dying on an island in the far ocean, the wars are over, the dead are buried, the burned homes are built again, peace is on the land. But peace has not brought liberty, hard work does not yield plenty and comfort, life is hard to live in Europe except for the nobles and kings, and for years the people suffer still.

**Peace Again
But no Liberty**

Of all the countries beneath us England is the busiest and happiest. From all her ports ships are sailing, setting out for the uttermost parts of the earth, deep laden with goods for distant lands. And others are coming in laden with the richest products of the world. Over all the island factories are rising and wheels are whirling. From our high outlook the country beneath us looks like a great ant-hill, with the ants hastening to and fro, all of them actively at work.

England is the busiest, but the other nations are busy. We see the red flames of battle die out in France and the white banners of peace waving over her cities. Her people are active, in peace as in war, and plenty is coming back again. And as we sweep on over Europe we see men at work everywhere, and the whole continent growing rich and prosperous.

But ah! the trumpet sounds again, and from afar comes the long roll of the drum. The demon of war, banished from

the earth, is here with his red banner once more. There are still kings who love glory; there are nations moved by ambition; there are peoples weary of being slaves. So from time to time through the years the torch of war is kindled and waved over bloody battle-fields.

I shall not tell you here about these wars. We are now taking a bird's-eye view, looking down on Europe as we glide rapidly through the years. We shall come down to the earth in later chapters and take a closer look at the people and their kings. An artist, you know, draws his picture first in a few strong lines, and then fills in between the lines. Here we are drawing the outlines for our picture of the century; we shall fill it in later.

**Outlines for the
Century**

All I need say here is that there were wars between Russia and Turkey, France and Austria, Prussia and Austria, and a great war between Germany and France. These were all due to ambition and land hunger. Russia was not big enough. She wanted a slice of Turkey for her Christmas dinner. And there was another Napoleon who tried to win glory, and who lost his throne as his great uncle had done.

The people, too, fought for liberty and union. In Italy they fought for union; in France, for liberty. In Hungary and Germany and Greece and other countries the people rose and struck for freedom. And as we sweep on down the century we find they have not fought in vain. Italy is united into one kingdom; France is a republic; everywhere except in the east the kings have lost power and the people have gained liberty, and in Russia the slaves have been set free. In 1900 we look down on a very different Europe from that which we saw in 1800.

Now let us put our air-ship before the wind and sail off elsewhere over the earth. Europe is not the world, though some of the people of that proud continent seem to think it is.

It is not even all the Old World, for there are Asia and Africa and the islands of the seas. So off we go again to see if the clouds have fled and revealed hidden lands.

Yes, the clouds are rising. Year by year we see them grow thinner and fade out. Let us look down on Africa. See those bold travelers who are making their way inland, from the north and the south, from the east and the west. Fierce chiefs and savage tribes try to stop them. Many of them suffer, some of them are slain, but the most of them come back to tell the world about what the clouds so long concealed.

While the years go by we look down on some of these daring men as they cross the continent from sea to sea. They tell the world of rich soils, crowded countries, strange wonders of nature. The cloud is fading out. We see the fruitful plains of Africa spreading far and wide, while the nations of Europe are sending ships and soldiers to claim those fruitful realms as their own. It sounds like a story we have read before, that of the Europeans who came to America and took it from the red-skinned natives. Now the nations of Europe are beginning to take Africa from the blacks.

Europe in
Africa

As we look down from our lofty perch we see fighting going on. The English are fighting in Egypt, in Abyssinia, in Guinea, and in other places. And at the very end of the century we see them fighting in the far south, not with the Arabs or the blacks, but with the old Dutch settlers of the land. Here are mines of the yellow gold and the glittering diamond, and love of these brings the century to an end in war.

Fresh blow the southwest winds. Let us put our air-ship before them and sail away to distant Asia. Ah! here, too, the English are before us. They hold the great peninsula of India in the south. Through this crowded land they make their way with sword and gun, conquering kings and chiefs,

putting down rebellion, spreading their power on all sides, until they are lords of a nation that counts its people by hundreds of millions.

As we float farther north the clouds spread below us and hide the great inner country from our eyes. Now and then we see a traveler making his way in and coming back with a strange story of adventure and discovery. And later on armies begin to take the place of travelers. Russia, which has been driven out of Turkey, now seeks to win the heart of Asia. The cloud rises as the armies press forward. The people fight fiercely for their homes, but the armies march on. In the end Russia wins and Central Asia is hers. That great continent, in which so many nations have lived and died, is now nearly all held by three strong powers—Russia, England and China. Only Turkey, Persia and Arabia remain, and Russia is laying her plans to add these to her mighty empire.

Turn your eyes to the far east, for a great event is there to take place. Off the coast of Asia lies a group of islands over which the clouds have long been dense. This is the empire of Japan, whose doors for centuries have been closed against the people of Europe. But as we look the cloud quickly lifts and floats away, and Japan spreads far and clear beneath us. It has opened its doors at last, and travelers and merchants are swarming in.

Civilization comes in with the strangers, Japan has become suddenly very much alive. Its people begin to read and study. They throw off their old ways and take on new ones. They build telegraphs and railroads, buy iron-clad ships of war, drill armies, and soon they are at war with China and have beaten that great empire, with its vast population. The awakening of Japan is a marvelous story. There is nothing like it in the history of the world.

But we have not covered all the Old World yet. We must end our long journey by sweeping swiftly over the great Pacific Ocean, with its multitude of islands, and noting what the century is doing there.

Once more England is ahead of us. The largest of these ocean realms, the great island of Australia, is English soil, and as we gaze it grows from a small colony into a powerful nation. At the very end of the century we see the scattered colonies joining into a powerful union, which we may call the United States of the South Seas. England holds them still, but it is like a boy holding an ox with a string. England dare not pull too hard for fear they will break the string and set out a great independent country.

**A Powerful
Union**

Sweeping on, right and left over the ocean, we see the powers of Europe taking possession of its many islands, and planting civilization where only savagery ruled before. And last of all comes our own country, laying its hand on the Philippine Islands. At the very end of the century the United States leaps out from the New World and gains a foothold in the Old.

This ends the story of the century in the great world of the East. It is a remarkable story. Civilization has marched on like a mighty army. Barbarism and savagery have fallen back before it. Railroads are being built widely over Asia and Africa. The telegraph runs there over broad lands and under mighty seas. The book, the school, and the church are following the warship and the army. With the year 1900 the old story of the East reaches its end. What the twentieth century will bring to that great region no man can say. The change in the past has been wonderful; in the future it may be more wonderful still.

CHAPTER IV

Napoleon, the Great Conqueror



AM going to say something here about what seems to me a very wrong thing. When I tell you what it is I hope you will all agree with me. It is about the way people use the word "great." In the study of history we keep coming across men who are called "great." There are Alexander the Great, Charles the Great, Frederick the Great, Napoleon the Great, and others I might name. But when we come to read about them we find these men were great only in the number of men they killed. He who kills one man to steal his purse is hung as a murderer; but he who kills a million men to steal their kingdoms is called great and is made a hero of history, and people are ready to fall on their knees, and worship him.

**The Real Great
Men**

I do not like this, and I hope you do not. Nobody speaks of Homer the Great, or Shakespeare the Great, or Lincoln the Great, or a hundred others, every one of whom is greater than the greatest conqueror. If we wish to call men great we ought to pick out those who have been great for good, not those who have been great for evil. Livingstone, the noble traveler, was a much greater man than Napoleon, the ruthless conqueror. I shall tell you about Livingstone later on, but here I must give you the story of Napoleon, since he had so much to do with the history of the nineteenth century.



MARSHAL NEY RETREATING FROM RUSSIA

Marshal Ney, who commanded the rear-guard of Napoleon's army during the retreat from Russia, won imperishable fame by his brilliant and daring deeds. Had it not been for his courage and military skill it is doubtful if a man of that great army would have escaped from the frozen soil of the north.



DEATH OF LORD NELSON—BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805

The greatest sea fight in history is represented by the above engraving. It was off Cape Trafalgar, southern coast of Spain, that Lord Nelson met and defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets, vastly his superior in number of vessels and men. This victory sounded the key note in the decline of Napoleon's power and changed the destiny of Europe. "It is glorious to die in the moment of victory," Nelson fell and died as he heard the words telling him that the naval power of France and Spain were destroyed and he gained at once the double honor of victory and Westminster Abbey

Napoleon Bonaparte began life as a poor boy. He was born in the little island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean Sea. Corsica then belonged to France, and this made him a French citizen, so he went to a military school in France and learned the trade of a soldier. Then he went into the army, but for a number of years he was kept down at the bottom of the ladder, and it looked as if he would never begin to climb. He got out of heart, and walked about the streets of Paris with an empty pocket, just as men do when they come to a strange city to look for work. If he had only jumped overboard and drowned himself at that time it would have been a bad thing for Napoleon, but it would have been a good thing for the hundreds of thousands of men who were afterwards killed in his battles.

How did this poor, down-hearted soldier come to be the most celebrated general and conqueror of the nineteenth century? That is what I propose to tell you. When the century began Napoleon Bonaparte was the most famous man in the world, and for fifteen years afterwards the history of this wonderful soldier was the history of Europe. So the first stage of our rapid journey through the century must be given to the story of Napoleon the Conqueror.

**The French
Revolution**

Napoleon was a great military genius, but like all such men he needed a great chance, and this came to him with the French Revolution. Many of you may have read how, in 1789, the French people rose against their king, and overturned the government which had lasted a thousand years, and so hated the king and queen, the nobles and priests, that they cut off the heads of all they could lay their hands on. There was so terrible a state of affairs in France that all who could escape left the country, and these got the other kings of Europe to send armies to put down the Revolution. This

brought on war on all sides of the country and gave Napoleon the chance that was to make him great and famous.

I am going to give you only a bird's-eye view of the career of Napoleon, such a view as you would have of events on the earth if you looked down on them from a great height in the air. He won his first victory over the mob in the streets of Paris. The law-makers of the Revolution called on him to defend them from the mob, and Napoleon did so by loading his cannon and firing at the rioters. The generals before him had fired blank cartridges. He fired cannon balls and scared the mob out of its wits. That put an end to the Revolution.

Napoleon was then sent with an army to Italy, and there he won a wonderful victory over the Austrians. In a short time he conquered nearly all Italy, and made it a republic like France. People everywhere began to read of him with wonder. They saw that a great soldier had come into the world. Not for centuries had there been such victories as his.

When Napoleon came back from Italy to France the people were almost ready to worship him. The French people, you should know, have always been fonder of great soldiers than of great men of any other kind. But Napoleon knew that he must keep on winning battles or the people would soon get tired of praising him. So, as there was no other army to fight with in Europe, he put an army on ship-board and sailed away to Egypt, where he began to fight with the Arabs and the Turks.

I cannot say what he hoped to do there. Perhaps he thought he would set free the Holy Land from the Turks, as the Crusaders had tried to do many centuries before, and in this way win great glory. But the English followed him to Egypt and sunk his ships, and stopped his marches, and gave

him so much trouble that he got tired of it and sailed back to France. Here he was made First Consul, which gave him almost the power of a king. That was the way things stood in France in the year 1800.

Have any of you ever been at the theatre and seen a great tragic play like some of Shakespeare's, where soldiers march on the stage, and battles are fought, and victories won, and in the end the right is triumphant and the wrong is overthrown? If you have you will know what I mean when I say that for the first fifteen years of the eighteenth century Europe was like a great stage on which a mighty tragedy is being played. There was marching to and fro, and beating of drums, and roar of cannon, and battles were lost and won. And in the end the mighty hero of the play was defeated and overthrown. If you want a name for this wonderful drama, I might call it "The Career of Napoleon the Conqueror." I am going to tell you in this chapter the story of that great tragedy.

**A Historical
Drama**

Napoleon was not long back from Egypt before France was at war again. The fleets of England were on the sea seeking to destroy the fleets of France. And Austria, whose armies Napoleon had defeated before, had new armies in the field. The largest of these armies was in Italy, where Napoleon had beaten them once, and where he determined to fight them again.

Between France and Switzerland on the north and Italy on the south there lies a great mountain wall, the Alps. These mountains are very high and their tops are always white with snow. Two thousand years ago Hannibal, one of the great generals of ancient times, led an army across these mountains to attack the armies of Rome. Napoleon thought he could do what Hannibal had done, so he took his

army across the mountain heights, through steep and broken passes in which ice and snow lie all the year. It was a terrible journey. Heavy cannons had to be dragged with ropes over the hills, and wagon-loads of food to be taken through the rough passes. But Napoleon rode with his army and cheered his men and nothing could stop them, neither cold winds, nor deep snows, nor rugged rocks. Soon they were past all dangers and came down on the level plain of Italy.

The Austrians did not dream of an army coming on them from the mountains, like a great host of war eagles descending from the clouds. They were scattered about, here and there, and you may be sure there was a busy time in bringing them together again. Napoleon and his army came upon

**Crossing the
Alps**

them at a place called Marengo, where a terrible battle took place. The Austrians fought so hard that the French were for a time defeated,

and their general sent off word that he had beaten the terrible Corsican. But while his messenger was riding away some fresh soldiers came up to join Napoleon, and in a little time the Austrian Army was broken to pieces and fleeing in haste from the field.

That was one great victory. Others were won and Austria was forced to beg for peace. Not long afterwards, in 1802, peace was made between England and France, and Napoleon was triumphant over all his enemies. He could do what he pleased with the people of France. If he had asked them to worship him as a god some of them would have done so. He had brought them so much glory that many looked on him as more than a man. What he wanted was to make a great show before the world. Ten years before he had been wandering about the streets of Paris, with nothing to do and not always sure of getting a dinner. Now he was the most famous man and most powerful ruler in Europe. But he had

no title except that of First Consul. That was not enough for his ambition. He might have made himself King, but Emperor sounded larger, so he made himself Emperor. He was elected Emperor of the French by the people, and was crowned by the Pope on the 2d of December, 1805. The little Corsican had made a great leap upwards.

The new emperor did not have peace very long, and I do not fancy he wanted it. None of the monarchs could trust him. He would break his word whenever he thought he could gain anything by it. He seemed to be so fond of power and glory that he would force the nations to war that he might beat them in the field and gain the fame of being one of the greatest conquerors ever known.

**Napoleon is
Made Emperor**

Very soon England was at war with him again, and afterwards came Austria and Russia and Prussia. He met and defeated them all except England. It would be too long to tell you about all his great victories. There were Austerlitz and Jena and Friedland and Wagram and many more, in which the Austrians and Russians and Prussians were defeated. No army could beat him in the field. The French were ready to follow him to death, for he brought them the glory that they loved so well. And every victory gave him greater power, until he had all western Europe under his thumb, and no king of them all dared do anything which did not please the Corsican conqueror.

But too much glory is like too much wine or brandy, one grows intoxicated with it. Napoleon became drunk with glory, and like all drunkards he wanted more and more. All Europe was now at his feet except Russia, and he determined that the great empire of the north should be his slave like the others. So he gathered one of the mightiest armies Europe had ever seen. It was made up not only of French, but of Austrians and Prussians and Italians and other peoples, there

being more than 600,000 soldiers in all, with as many more who were not soldiers, but what are called camp followers.

At the beginning of July, 1812, the Grand Army, as it was called, crossed the Niemen River and began its march on Russian soil. Oh! if it had known to what a terrible fate it was going! In all history there is no greater tragedy than that of the Grand Army. On and on, across the vast plains

**The Grand
Army**

of Russia, went the mighty host. It was eager to fight, but there was nobody to fight with.

The Russian army kept just out of reach. It was hot summer weather and the men fell out of their ranks as fast as they would have done in a great battle. For two months they went on, marching to Moscow, the old capital of Russia. When they got there more than half the Grand Army had disappeared.

At length the great city rose before them, with its gilded cupolas and lofty spires shining in the bright rays of the sun. Into the splendid capital marched the troops, full of joy, and expecting to see a great multitude of people. To their astonishment there was no one to be seen. It was an empty city. Its inhabitants were gone. They had vanished like the mist of the morning. But Napoleon was master of the grand old capital of Russia, and he thought the emperor would now be glad to make peace with him.

But he was to have a frightful awakening from his dream of glory. The morning after the army had entered Moscow in triumph terrible news were brought to the conqueror. The city was on fire. Flames were bursting out in a dozen places. There was a high wind, which carried them swiftly from house to house until the whole city became a mighty mass of flame. The Russians had set the city on fire and all the Grand Army could not put it out. For three days it burned, and when at length the flames sank away only a heap of ashes remained.

Moscow was the grave of Napoleon's glory. He waited in the ashes of the city for the emperor of Russia to ask for peace. But no word came from the emperor, and the Grand Army was forced to march away again, glad no longer, but sad and despairing. The Russian armies followed it and attacked it at every point. The terrible Russian winter came upon it, and more men died from the bitter cold than from the Russian guns. It was the most dreadful march in history. In the middle of December about 16,000 men crossed the Niemen, ragged and weary ghosts of soldiers, all that were left of the 600,000 splendidly arrayed warriors who had crossed that river six months before.

**Napoleon's
Retreat**

Back through Europe went this worn-out fragment of the Grand Army. Napoleon brought up other soldiers and fought his foes at a dozen points. But now he was fighting for life, not for glory. As he went back his allies fell off. The Prussians and Austrians left him and joined the Russians against him. They hated him so that they took the first opportunity for revenge. He won new victories, but at length, at the terrible battle of Leipzig, he met with a fatal defeat, and had to lead his bleeding columns back to France.

After him hastened a vast army made up of nearly all the nations of Europe, all those who had felt the cruel hand of the Conqueror and were now joined together for his defeat. He fought until he could fight no longer, and then he was forced to yield. The monarchs of Europe made him give up his throne, and sent him to the little island of Elba, in the Mediterranean Sea. He who had led an army of 600,000 men had now only 400 of his old soldiers; he who had lorded it over half of Europe had only a small piece of land in the open sea. "How had the mighty fallen!"

**Napoleon in
Elba**

But the enemies of the fallen emperor made one mistake. Elba was much too near to France and they did not watch him closely enough. In less than a year he gave them the slip, took ship across the sea, and was back in France again. Some of his old officers and soldiers were sent to stop him, but when Napoleon spoke to them they threw down their arms and rushed to welcome him. Back to Paris he marched in triumph, and once again he was emperor of France and with an army under his command.

When news of this spread through Europe there was a terrible fright. The wolf was out of his cage! The mighty war lord was abroad again! The rulers trembled with fear as they thought of the past fifteen years. There was no time to lose. The armies were called out in haste and set on the march back to France. It was not safe to give the Corsican too much time.

**Napoleon Back
in France**

Napoleon's new reign lasted just one hundred days. In the middle of June, 1815, he met an army of English and Prussians on the field of Waterloo, near Brussels, in Belgium.

Here the Conqueror fought his last and one of his greatest battles. Never did he fight better, never did the French show more courage; but fortune was against him and the great battle was lost. Napoleon fled from the field with hardly a soldier to follow him.

That was the end of the mighty drama. He fell into the hands of his old enemies, the English, who now sent him to the rocky island of St. Helena, far away in the South Atlantic Ocean. They were determined that he should not come back again. They watched him there like a prisoner in his cell. In a few years he died, and then, for the first time since the beginning of the century, Europe breathed free. The great war lord was no more.



WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO GIVING THE WORD TO ADVANCE

This spirited illustration figures the final event in the mighty struggle at Waterloo, when the French, after hurling themselves a dozen times against the unyielding British ranks, like storm waves upon a rock-bound shore, staggered back in despair, and Wellington gave the magic word of command: "Let all the line advance!" Those words signified the final downfall of Napoleon.



BATTLE OF CHAMPSIGNY

On November 30, 1870, the French besieged in Paris made a desperate effort to break through the investing lines of the Germans at Champsigny, on the River Marne. The struggle continued for two days and ended in the repulse of the French. This defeat sealed the fate of Paris and of France.

CHAPTER V

Nelson the Sailor and Wellington the Soldier



THINK I shall have to ask you to look at the map of Europe again. Near the western coast of France you will see a little group of islands. There is a large one on which you will perceive two names, England and Scotland, and a smaller one named Ireland, and several tiny ones scattered around them like crumbs of land. The whole of them do not take up much room on the map. If you were in a hurry you might pass over them without noticing them at all. But small as they are these islands take up a great deal of room in the history of the world. In the story of the world for a few hundred years back you will read more about England than about any other nation on the earth.

Why is this? What is there in this half of an island that makes historians talk so much about it? I can tell you in a very few words. It is because the English have been the most active and enterprising people on the globe. If you had gone to any part of the world you would have seen many more English

**The Half of an
Island**

ships than those of any other nation. Also the great travelers and discoverers were most of them English, and there was no country in the world with so many mines and workshops and such a rattle of wheels. Canada, India, Australia, and large parts of Africa belonged to England. The United

States was settled by the English. Thus England, though only a part of a small island, had become the most active country on the globe.

All the nations of Europe fought with Napoleon Bonaparte, and they were all beaten except England. If it had not been for the people of that island Napoleon might have become the emperor of Europe. So you see I cannot give the story of the nineteenth century without saying a good deal about England.

I have told you about the great French soldier and conqueror. Now I must say something about the two English warriors who had so much to do with his overthrow—Nelson, the hero of the seas, and Wellington, the victor at Waterloo.

Napoleon was the lord of the land, but he was never the lord of the sea. And that was because his ships had to fight with one of the greatest sailors that was ever known, Horatio Nelson, the famous British admiral. Napoleon was a soldier, not a sailor. At sea he had to trust to his captains, and the best of them were no match for Nelson, the sea-king. I cannot tell you about all the victories of this valiant sailor, so I shall speak only of the two greatest, those of Aboukir and Trafalgar.

When Napoleon went to Egypt he took a strong fleet with him, and while he was fighting on land his ships lay in Aboukir Bay, waiting until he should be ready to return home. Here Nelson came in sight of them on the 1st of August, 1798, and one of the most famous of naval battles was fought.

The French were stronger than the British. They had more ships, more guns, and more men. They were drawn up in line of battle, with the land behind them and the sea before them, and it looked as if they could drive off a force twice their own. But in one thing they failed, they did not have a Nelson to command them, and that made all the difference

Nelson, the
Sea-King

“Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a victory or Westminster Abbey,” said Nelson. He meant by this that he would fight till he was victorious or dead, and would win such glory that his countrymen would be glad to bury him in Westminster Abbey, where the noblest of the English have their tombs.

I shall not tell you the full story of this battle. It was fought in the eighteenth century, and this book is about the nineteenth. But I may say that the “Battle of the Nile,” as it is called, was one of the most glorious of English naval victories. Nelson was a man who did not know what it means to fail. He attacked the French with the fierceness of the sea-dogs of old times, and when he was done there was no French fleet left. Thirteen great ships-of-the-line were in the French fleet, and of these only two escaped. Of four frigates, one was sunk and one was burned.

**The Battle of
the Nile**

The British lost 895 men, but the loss of the French was 5,225. Nelson suddenly became a famous man. He was like our own Admiral Dewey, for one day's work set all the world to talking about him. It is curious that the Battle of the Nile was fought just one hundred years before the Battle of Manila Bay. If you ask what important result came from Nelson's victory, I will answer that it cut off the French army from France. When Napoleon was ready to go home again he was not able to take his soldiers with him, for his powerful fleet had ceased to exist; so he had to go alone in a fast ship and leave his men behind. It was not long before they were forced to surrender to their enemies; so you may see that Nelson on the sea got the best of Napoleon on land.

Now I must tell you about Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar, which took place in the year 1805. Napoleon at that time had a very strong fleet, for the war-vessels of Spain

were added to those of France. But Nelson did not care how many of them there were; all he asked was the chance to fight them. The French and Spaniards sailed to the West Indies, and he followed them. They sailed home again, and he followed them back. And when, on the 19th of October, they set sail from the port of Cadiz—thirty-four great ships-of-the-line and many smaller craft—Nelson was still hot upon their track. And he was a glad man that day, for he was sure that he had them now.

I am afraid that if you had seen those ships you would have laughed at the idea of their fighting battles. Now-a-days a warship is a grim-looking thing of steel and iron, with steam to drive it through the waves and huge guns that think nothing of hurling a great ball five or six miles. The ships of a century ago were as different from these as they could well be. They were clumsy-looking craft, with broad bows and high wooden sides lifting far out of the sea, and tall masts with a great show of white sails, for the wind did then what steam does to-day. One of our battleships would soon have sent Lord Nelson's fleet, with its wooden sides and little guns, to the bottom of the sea. But he had ships of his own kind to fight with, so one side was as good as the other, and their guns were so small that they had to come close together to fight at all.

The English and French fleets met off Cape Trafalgar, near the southern end of Spain. When Nelson saw the enemy before him he was very glad. He hoisted the signal, "England expects that every man to-day will do his duty." The people of England have been proud of that signal ever since, and it has become a national watchword that "England expects every man to do his duty."

Nelson was not long in getting to work. In sailed his ships and soon the roar of cannon was heard, splinters began

to fly, and men to fall. It was the most famous sea-battle in all history. Nelson pushed his flagship into the midst of the French fleet until there were eight ships around it pouring in cannon balls, while for a time it could not fire a shot back. But the British sailors kept to their guns and waited their chance. When it came they amply repaid the French for all they had lost, while everywhere around them the fight went hotly on.

The English conquered, but Nelson fell. In the thick of the fight a musket ball struck him in the back, and he dropped on the deck with a mortal wound. While the battle went on he was slowly dying. Captain Hardy, the commander of his ship, came to tell him that all was going well. "I'm a dead man, Hardy;" he said, "but I'm glad of what you say. Whip them, now you've got them. Whip them as they've never been whipped before."

**Fatal Wounding
of Nelson**

Captain Hardy obeyed orders. He whipped them well, and Nelson lived to know it. Then the spirit of the great admiral floated away on the wings of victory. He had won the greatest sea-fight in English history. His country did all it could to honor him. It had made him a lord and a high admiral. Now it gave him a splendid tomb—not in Westminster Abbey, but in the Cathedral of St. Paul, where it may be seen to-day.

While Lord Nelson was fighting the French at sea, another great Englishman, Sir Arthur Wellesley, or Lord Wellington, as he was afterwards named, was fighting them on land. When he was only plain Sir Arthur, he had been a soldier and won victories in India. Then, when Napoleon took possession of Spain and Portugal as a man might walk into his neighbor's house and take possession of his parlor and dining room, this soldier from India was sent to Portugal to

fight the French. He was there in 1808, and he stayed there till 1814, when Napoleon was sent to Elba.

First, he drove the French out of Portugal. Then he followed them into Spain, and fought them there, winning victory after victory, till the French were driven out of Spain as they had been out of Portugal. Napoleon was angry enough when he found this Englishman defeating his best generals. He would have gone to Spain to fight Wellington himself if it had not been for his plan of making war on Russia. Thus it happened that Wellington and Napoleon never met in battle till 1815, during the famous "hundred days" of which you read in the last chapter.

I told you then about the panic the kings of Europe were in when they heard that their dangerous enemy had escaped and was back again in France. Everywhere soldiers were

**The March to
Belgium** gathered with the greatest haste, and set in march for the soil of France. In the British

Islands every man in arms was hurried to the sea and sent on ships to Belgium, the country which lies north of France. At their head was Lord Wellington, England's most famous soldier. When he got to Belgium he found there soldiers of half-a-dozen nations, Dutch, Belgians, Germans, and others, all of whom were put under his command. Near by was a strong army of Prussians, under Marshal Blücher, a bold and able general. And not far away was Napoleon's army, which he had gathered in all haste to meet his foes. In it were many of his old soldiers, and many new recruits, most of them little more than boys, for the wars of the past had not left many men in France.

Soon the armies met, and there was some hard fighting. Blücher was defeated and driven back. After the fight Wellington withdrew and encamped on a field which has ever since been famous—the field of Waterloo. It was the evening

of the 17th of June. Rain was falling heavily, the water turned the roads into streams, and the fields were like swamps. All night long the rain came down, and the soldiers, worn out with their long march, flung themselves down in the mud to try and sleep. When morning broke the rain stopped, and they built fires to dry themselves as well they could.

That day, the 18th of June, 1815, was the day of the most famous battle in modern history, for it was the day in which the sun of Napoleon Bonaparte, the mighty conqueror, set never to rise again. Wellington and his army waited. They knew what that day meant for the world. If they were beaten, the French emperor might become the master of Europe again. If they were victorious, his power would be at an end. Never had victory been more important, and every man felt as if he was fighting for home and freedom.

**The Struggle at
Waterloo**

It was just before noon when the two armies came together, the French attacking the English on the defence. In the middle of the battle-field was a strong stone house called Hougomont, with outbuildings and walls around it, and here for hours a terrible struggle went on. The British held it, and all day long the French tried their best to take it from them, but in vain. At two o'clock the great body of the French army threw itself on the British lines, and fought desperately to break through. For more than an hour the terrific fight went on, cannons roared, muskets flashed, sabres gleamed, men fell in hundreds and were trampled into the mud. Twice, thrice, the French came on, and as often were driven back. In the end, they were repulsed with fearful loss. But Wellington's men lost heavily also, and could not have stood another such attack.

I have told you how Blücher and his Prussians were defeated two days before by the French. He had retreated,

with a French force under Marshal Grouchy in pursuit. Where were these two armies? Both sides prayed that they would come; Napoleon for Grouchy, Wellington for Blücher. The one that came first would decide the fate of the mighty battle.

It was half-past four in the afternoon when, from the woods of St. Lambert at a distance, a column of troops came into view. All eyes were fixed on them with hope or fear. Who were they—Blücher and his Prussians, or Grouchy and his French? It was not long before the armies knew. They were the Prussians. There were no signs of the French. Unless they came quickly, all was at an end for Napoleon.

The French Emperor prayed for night or Grouchy—but night was too far off, and Grouchy came not. Napoleon was desperate. So far he had held back his famous Imperial Guard, the flower of his army, now he sent them against his enemies, with the famous Marshal Ney at their head.

**Night or
Grouchy**

Then came the most terrible moment of a terrible day. A torrent of flame poured on the Guard, and they fell in bleeding heaps. Soon, in a wild charge, the British Foot Guards rushed upon them, surrounded them, shot them down in winrows, and called on them to surrender.

“The Guard dies, but never surrenders!” cried their brave leader, and they fought on until the last of them fell dead.

That was the end. What was left of Napoleon’s army turned and fled in a panic, taking their leader with them. Waterloo was the end of his career as a soldier; the remainder of his life was to be spent on the rocky island of St. Helena, as a captive. The sun of Napoleon had set, and Lord Wellington loomed up as the hero of Europe, the only man who had ever met Napoleon on equal terms and defeated him.

CHAPTER VI.

The Champion of Right and the Tribune of the People



YOU must be tired by this time of reading about fighting men, and be ready to hear something about other people. Of course we all get excited over the boom of the gun and the flash of the sword. When we hear of how men fought for their lives it makes our blood flow faster and our hearts beat louder. That is why the writers of history like to tell the story of war. They know how their readers are thrilled by the tale of battle and blood, and all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," as Shakespeare calls it.

But men do not spend all their time in fighting. After a few years of war there come many years of peace, and it is in those years that the greatest things are done for the world. The business of war is to tear down, the business of peace is to build up, and the victories of peace are greater and nobler than those of war. So I am sure you will be glad to hear about one of the great victors of peace, a man greater than Napoleon and Wellington, since all he did was for the good of mankind.

**The Victories
of Peace**

The man I propose to speak of was a true son of the nineteenth century, for he was born in 1809 and died in 1898, so that he lived from near the beginning to almost the end of the century. No doubt many of you have heard his name, which was William Ewart Gladstone. It is one of the most famous names of the century.

Gladstone was born in Liverpool, the greatest seaport of England. His father was a merchant in that city, and sent his son to the great English schools of Eton and Oxford, where he soon became noted for his eloquence. None of the other boys of the school could talk like young Gladstone. Before he left college he had won fame as an orator, and made a wonderful speech, which many came to hear. One of his hearers, a deacon in the church, said to a friend, "I have just heard the best speech I ever heard in my life." Another, who was a bishop, said: "One day that boy will be Prime Minister of England." He judged right; that was what the boy got to be.

In later years Gladstone became the greatest orator in England. He moved his hearers as a wind moves the trees. You have seen the boughs bending before a strong gale. That was the way the legislators of England bent before this young

**Gladstone as an
Orator**

man's burning eloquence. His voice was full of rich music, and rolled through the halls of Parliament like the tones of an organ. He was all alive when he spoke; words flowed from him in a flood; and when he was excited they came from his lips like flame. By the magic of his voice and the powers of his mind he ruled England for years as few men had ever ruled it before. Though he wore no crown he had the power of a king.

But this was not the chief greatness of Gladstone. He was strong because he was always on the side of the right. Do you not think with me that the greatest man is the upright man—he who loves honor and truth and justice, who is brave in the battle against wrong, and who works not for his own good but for the good of mankind? That was the kind of man we had in William Ewart Gladstone. No doubt he made mistakes. All men do that, even the best of them. But he always meant well, always strove for what he thought to be right; and that is the great thing, after all.

Shall I tell you some of the things this noble man did? In 1857 he went to Naples, which was then the worst governed country in Europe. People called its ruler, King Bomba. I do not know what they meant by that, but he was a cruel tyrant, who put all the poor patriots he could find into prison and treated them in a brutal way. Gladstone was filled with horror when he was told of their sufferings, and wrote letters about them that seemed on fire with indignation. These letters stirred up all Europe and were of the greatest help to the people of Italy when they began to fight for freedom.

This was not the only time that Gladstone came before the world as a great moral reformer. In 1876 the people of Bulgaria were terribly treated by the Turks.

Hundreds of them were murdered—men, women and little children—their homes were burned, their crops were destroyed, and those who had not been killed were left to starve to death.

**Gladstone a
Great Reformer**

When Gladstone heard of this his whole soul was filled with anger and horror. He was an old man then, but he had the spirit of a young one, and he wrote a pamphlet on the "Bulgarian Horror" that rang through the land like the sound of a trumpet, and stirred up all the best feeling in the nation. He did more than this. Russia went to war with the Turks to punish them for their cruelty, and the government of England wanted to help them against Russia, as it had done in the Crimean War twenty years before. Gladstone stopped that national crime. He made fiery speeches, in Parliament and before great meetings in city and country, and dared the government to go to war to help the murderers. This one man's voice saved England from a shameful wrong. The people were behind Gladstone, and the government did not dare to act. You may see by this what one man can do when he is in arms for the right.

Though he loved peace, Gladstone was at war all his life. It was not the war of the body, but the war of the mind. He fought for truth and justice, not on the field of battle, but in the halls of Parliament. He was like a Wellington against a Napoleon, or like our own Washington against the British General Howe, as you shall see.

Gladstone became a member of Parliament in 1833, and about the same time another man, named Benjamin Disraeli, was elected to Parliament. These two men became the great leaders of England. They were on opposite sides, Disraeli at the head of the Conservative party, Gladstone at the head of the Liberals, and behind each of them was a great army of followers in Parliament and in the country. They were like two powerful generals in the field, and for the remainder of their lives they fought their battle for good or evil, and England followed the victor in the fray.

Have any of my young readers ever read Milton's famous poem of "Paradise Lost," or that part of it which tells of the great battle in Heaven, where Christ led the army of good angels and Satan the army of evil spirits? This is something like the battle in the English Parliament. I do not wish to say that England is anything like Heaven, or that Gladstone and Disraeli were like Christ and Satan. But what I do mean to say is that Gladstone always fought for the right and Disraeli often fought for the wrong. One of them led the army of light and the other the army of darkness, and the cause of good or of evil rose or fell as one or the other won in the great fight.

I am not sure but this is too strong a way of speaking. But at least it may be said, that if there was a right and a wrong side of a question, you would always find Gladstone on the right, and usually find Disraeli on the wrong side. For an

example, would you not say that the people have a right to vote? I am sure, as Americans, you would. But at that time most of the people in England could not vote, and had no one to represent or act for them in Parliament. Gladstone did not approve of this. He said it was not just, and brought in a Reform bill that gave the right to vote to 400,000 more of the people. Disraeli took the other side and fought against Reform. He won, and Gladstone was beaten.

But Gladstone looked beyond the present, and said to his enemies: "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces are against you, and the banner which we carry in this fight, though it may droop over our sinking heads, will soon again float in the eyes of Heaven and be borne onward to victory." He was right. The people rose and cried out for justice, and no one dared oppose them. The next year Disraeli himself was forced to bring in a Reform Bill which gave the people all that Gladstone had asked for. He passed the bill, but Gladstone got the glory.

**The Conflict of
Good and Evil**

Another of the great battles of Gladstone was for the rights of Ireland. That island, you know, belongs to England. It is a part of the British kingdom. But for a long time the people have been very badly treated. I cannot tell you all the ways in which they had been robbed of their rights; but they were a poor, half-starved people, thousands of them were driven from their homes because they could not raise enough on their little farms to pay the rent, and millions of them had to go to America or other far-off countries for a chance to live.

Gladstone fought for Ireland like a soldier of the Cross. He said the people of that country had a right to a Parliament of their own, where they might make laws for themselves. This is what is called Home Rule. He brought in

a bill for Home Rule in 1886, but it was defeated, and for a time things were worse in Ireland than before.

But the "Grand Old Man," as people began to call Gladstone, waited. In 1892 he became Prime Minister again, for the fourth time in his life. He was now a very old man, but he was still strong for the right, and he made as noble speeches as ever he had done in his life. Triumph came to the good old soldier. The Home Rule Bill was passed. At the end of his life the people's champion had won his greatest victory.

You must not think from this that Ireland won the right to rule itself. The British Parliament, like our own Congress, is made up of two bodies ; the House of Commons, which is something like our House of Representatives ; and the House of Lords, which answers to our Senate, though its members are not voted for, but are born to their seats. It is made up of the lords of the nation.

**The British
Parliament**

It was in the House of Commons that the Home Rule Bill was passed. It was defeated in the House of Lords. Gladstone did not live to bring it up again. He was so feeble that he had to leave Parliament, and in 1898 he died. His great opponent, Benjamin Disraeli, had died in 1881. Queen Victoria had made Disraeli an earl. She wanted to do the same to Gladstone, but he would not accept a title. He thought that his plain name was the highest title he could have. All Americans will agree with him in this, for we do not think much of titles, and we do think a great deal of a noble name.

What more shall I tell you about Gladstone? Would you like to hear what Bishop Wilberforce said of him in 1868, when he was made Prime Minister for the first time? He wrote: "Gladstone as ever great, earnest, and honest; as

unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible. He is so delightfully true and the same ; just as full of interest in every good thing of every kind." That will do for his epitaph.

I might go on and speak of the brave and good men who helped Gladstone in his long career, but I can only give you the names of one or two of them. There was Richard Cobden, who fought for years against the Corn Laws of England, which made food very dear to the people, and who was the father of Free Trade. Gladstone loved and admired this man.

**Two Other
Noble Men**

"I do not know," he said, "that there is in any period a man whose public career and life were nobler and more admirable. Of course, I except Washington. Washington, to my mind, is the purest figure in history."

Is it not pleasant to find an Englishman saying this? We are so proud of Washington, that we feel happy to find the great men of other nations praising him.

There was another noble figure, the great and good John Bright, who stood by Gladstone's side during the most of his life. He, too, was a famous orator. Men called him "the tribune of the people," for he was always on the people's side, always fighting for liberty and reform. He was a warm friend of Ireland, and no man could surpass him in his power of reaching the heart of the people by his noble eloquence. Like brothers were these great men, Gladstone and Bright ; they lived and worked for good together, and went to the grave not far apart. Is this enough to say about the "Tribune of the People?" No, indeed ; John Bright played too great a part in the public life of England to be dealt with in these few words.

John Bright was born in 1811, two years after his noble friend and helper in the cause of reform. He came from a Quaker family, and was all his life a member of the Society

of Friends, and in all things a good and earnest man. There was no reform he did not advocate, and with a fine oratory which few could surpass. He was a bright and fluent speaker, and when any just cause was before the country no man could have worked more incessantly than he. He seemed born to influence and control people.

The repeal of the Corn Laws was the first great public duty in which he took part. He was a warm friend of Richard Cobden, and worked by his side for years to win cheap bread for the people. His speeches in this cause were fervent and eloquent, and he richly deserved his title of the

**John Bright and
the Corn Laws**

“people’s tribune.”

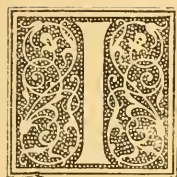
This was only one of the many reforms for which he worked with all his heart and soul. He was a member of the Peace Society, and when the Crimean War broke out he opposed it warmly and eloquently. He looked on all war as shameful, and war in support of the Turks seemed to him a crime of the nation. When the Civil War came in the United States, the cause of the North was his cause, although it cut off the supply of cotton from the mills of England and cost him much money in his business as a cotton manufacturer. But the freedom of the slave was more to him than the filling of his purse.

John Bright’s best and strongest work was done in 1866, in the great struggle to give the power of voting to the common people. He was the warm supporter of Gladstone in this righteous cause, and made speeches which roused vast audiences to the highest enthusiasm.

That was John Bright’s last great labor, though he continued to work for the cause of right and humanity till the end of his life. He sank to rest in March, 1889, after a life of the greatest purity, honor, and warm devotion to the good of mankind.

CHAPTER VII

Garibaldi, the Hero of Italy



If you look on the map of Europe and let your eye go down to the south of it, you will see a narrow stretch of land which runs far down into the Mediterranean Sea, and spreads out at its end like a great foot. It has been called "the boot," and it does look much like one ; you can easily make out the foot and the leg. This is the kingdom of Italy, one of the most famous countries that the history of old times tells us about. Near its centre you will notice the city of Rome. In ancient times this was the largest and most famous city in the world, and the capital of a vast empire that spread far over Europe, Asia and Africa.

This was nearly two thousand years ago. Afterwards the mighty empire of Rome was torn to pieces, as you might tear up the map you have just been looking at, and the great city was plundered by wild barbarians, and Italy became like a dead animal that is fought for by savage dogs. It was divided up into many separate kingdoms and dukedoms, and was long a battle-ground for Germany, France and Spain. Napoleon drove out its enemies for a time, but after his fall they came marching back, and long before the middle of the nineteenth century it was all broken up again, much of it being held by the empire of Austria.

Italy Broken Up

The people of Italy did not like this at all. I do not think any of you would have liked it if you had been born

there. When they thought how great and glorious their country had once been, it hurt them to see it cut up into little bits, as it were, and some of the best parts of it held by foreign rulers. They wanted their country free and they wanted it united. I am sure you will all feel for them, for the time was when our own country was not free and united, and there is nothing we are now prouder of than to have it a free and great Union.

There were many brave patriots in Italy, and for years they kept stirring up the people against their oppressors. But they were put down again and again, and those who were taken prisoners were treated with great cruelty. At length there came the man who was to be the liberator of Italy, the brave Garibaldi, the greatest and noblest of the patriots of that ancient land. I am sure you will be glad to read the story of this famous soldier, who won liberty and unity for his native soil.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in the city of Nice, a beautiful and delightful place on the shore of the Mediterranean. It was then a city of Italy, though it has since that time been given to France. Garibaldi's parents were poor, and as he was very fond of the sea he went out on a ship when he was a mere boy, and became quite a sailor before he was grown up. When he was twenty-five years old he joined the patriots who were fighting for the freedom of Italy. But they were defeated and he had to flee for his life.

**Garibaldi as a
Sailor**

For fourteen years after that the brave young man wandered about the world seeking his fortune. First he went to Marseilles in France. There he found many of the people sick with cholera. The nurses had all fled in fear from the hospital, but like a true soldier he went there and nursed the sick. Then he went to Africa to find work for a soldier, and

after that to South America. Here there was plenty of fighting going on, and Garibaldi had enough of it to do. In 1848 he came back to Italy. Fighting was going on there. The people had risen and seized the city of Rome, and a French army was marching to drive them out. Garibaldi joined them and helped them to fight against the French.

Poor patriots! There was a handful against an army. They had to flee for their lives, and were pursued wherever they went by the soldiers. If Garibaldi had been a wild beast he could not have been hunted more savagely. His poor wife, who had come with him from South America, could not bear the terrors and hardships of the flight, and she sank and died by his side. That was a sad wound to his heart, for he loved her dearly, and when he lost her he lost all he loved in the world, except his country.

**Garibaldi's
Wanderings**

It was a good thing for Italy that the French and Austrians did not capture Garibaldi, for he was to do noble work for his country still. After many dangers he got safely out of the country and began his old life of wandering. This time he went to the United States. He had to make his living there, and he became a soap and candle maker on Staten Island, near the city of New York. This was not the kind of work to suit a man like Garibaldi, and the next we hear of him he was a sailor on the Pacific Ocean, seeking adventure in his old fashion. But he never forgot Italy. He knew all that was going on there, but ten years passed before he was ready to go back.

In 1859 a war began between the French and the Austrians, and, as in Napoleon's time, some fierce battles were fought in Italy. As soon as he heard of this Garibaldi made haste home. He was given the rank of major-general and was told to raise a body of volunteers, so he went to his old friends, the mountaineers, and soon had a regiment of brave

and hardy men whom he called the "Hunters of the Alps." It was not the animals of the mountains but the Austrian soldiers that these bold fellows hunted, and wherever they met these enemies of their country they won victories. You may be sure they did their part in driving the invaders from their native land.

Everywhere the French and the Italians were successful and the Austrians were defeated. At last Italy was free from them, and I can tell you there was a lively time among the rulers of the little kingdoms whom the Austrian army had kept on their thrones. They had ill-treated the people, and now they ran away in a panic, for fear the people would serve them the same way. A treaty was made between the French and the Austrians which said that these small kings or grand dukes might come back if the people would permit. But the people said nay to that. They had seen all they wanted of them. So the little states were united to the large state of Sardinia, and that much was done for the unity of Italy.

**Italy Free
From Austria**

Do you think this was enough for Garibaldi? I fancy not. Much of Italy was still in the hands of tyrants, and he would not be satisfied till it was free. In the south was the powerful kingdom of Naples and Sicily, which had long been governed by cruel tyrants, who had treated the patriots in the most shameful manner. But with all their cruelty and all their soldiers they could not put them down. Secret societies of patriots met in all parts of the country, and plots for freedom were made on all sides. Early in 1860 some of the people in the cities of Messina and Palermo rose in rebellion, and fighting with the troops began.

This gave Garibaldi the chance he was waiting for. As soon as he heard that the people were in arms he gathered a body of volunteers, about one thousand in all, and set sail for

the island of Sicily. A thousand men was not much against the great army of the king of Naples, which was 150,000 strong; but Garibaldi knew that he would soon have help from the Sicilian patriots. As soon as he had landed and reached the mountains bold men, with rifles in their hands, flocked to his ranks. In three days he had 4,000 men. Then he sent word through the island that he had come to be the dictator of Sicily in the name of Victor Emanuel, the king of Sardinia.

Soon the patriot army met the soldiers of Naples, fighting took place, and the patriots were victorious. The soldiers were stronger in numbers and better posted, but they could not hold out against men who were fighting for liberty. Onward marched Garibaldi, and as he advanced he lit beacon-fires on the hills, to warn the people that their defenders were coming. In a few days more he came within sight of the city of **The Capture of Palermo** Palermo, the capital of the island. The people were waiting for him; they had seen his signal fires on the hilltops. When he appeared before the gates of the town they rose in the streets, built barricades, and fought the troops. In a few hours half the city was in his hands.

Before more could be done a strong army from Naples made its appearance, and began to bombard the city, pouring in shot and shell until it was nearly all in ruins. But Garibaldi and his men held on. Shot and shell could not drive them out. At length the troops from Naples gave up the fight and left the ruined city in patriot hands. Garibaldi had held his own with 5000 men against an army of 25,000. That was a great thing to do, and when the king of Naples heard of it he was filled with fear. He knew that his people hated him and would be glad to help drive him from the throne, and in all haste he offered them a liberal government. He

was "too late," the people said; they knew him too well to trust him.

Garibaldi lost no time. From Palermo he marched north against the large city of Messina, and in a week's time this, too, was in his hands. When the news spread over Europe everybody was astonished, and looked on Garibaldi as a great soldier. In six weeks' time, with a few thousand men, he had made himself master of the large island of Sicily. What would he do next? men asked. They did not have long to wait. He crossed from the island to the mainland and was on the soil of Naples itself. Now the tyrant on the throne had good cause to tremble.

Into the land he marched with his handful of men, and everything gave way before him. The soldiers of the king were Italians, and most of them had no heart to fight against the man who had come to bring them liberty.

**Garibaldi in
Naples**

His progress was like a parade. There was no resistance. The soldiers seemed to melt away before him. Town after town opened its gates. His name acted like magic on the people. As he went towards the city of Naples the king, who trembled at his coming, took to flight, but of his large army only 4,000 men followed him from the city. The next day Garibaldi entered the capital of the kingdom, and the population welcomed him with shouts and cheers, and every show of gladness and delight. They had waited long for liberty, and Garibaldi brought it to them.

Victor Emmanuel, the King of Sardinia, knew well what Garibaldi was about. The great patriot was fighting for an united Italy, and he was to be its king. He had to keep secret, for all Europe was watching him with jealous eyes, but now that Garibaldi was master of the city of Naples he thought it time to act. So a Sardinian army made its way south with the

king at its head, and entered the kingdom of Naples, marching towards the capital.

As it came near Garibaldi rode out at the head of his faithful followers, and met Victor Emmanuel, greeting him with the proud title of "King of Italy."

The king demanded that he should surrender to him the power he had gained.

"Sire, I obey," said the noble patriot, and he rode beside the king into the city of Naples, which he delivered into his hands. In four months he had done more for the freedom and union of Italy than had been done for many years.

Garibaldi had accomplished all he set out to do. He left the rest of the work in the hands of the king, and went to his home in the little island of Caprera, content now to watch events. Francis, the King of Naples, had still an army around him, and more fighting had to be done. But in three months more the war was at an end, and Victor Emmanuel was King of all Italy, except what were known as the States of the Church, which were ruled over by the Pope, and Venice, which the Austrians still held.

The patriots were not satisfied. They had much; they wanted all. They had Naples; they wanted Rome and Venice. They waited for the king to act, but he did nothing. The French, who had driven Garibaldi and his fellow patriots out of Rome many years before, were still there, and the king did not want to do anything that might bring on a war with France.

There are two ways to win in the game of politics. One way is by the sword, the other is by the tongue—by what is called diplomacy. War may be the shortest way, but diplomacy is the safest and cheapest, so Victor Emmanuel would not let Garibaldi fight, for he had hopes to win without fighting.

What he did was to get the French emperor to withdraw his troops from Rome, where he never had any right to put them. They were taken away in 1866, and only the troops of the Pope were left. Yet still the king did not move. The patriots were impatient. Rome, they said, had of old been the capital of Italy, and they would never be satisfied until it was the capital again. They said that it must and should be theirs. They called on their old hero, Garibaldi, to lead them again. He was ready. He marched on Rome with a party of volunteers, but he was not in Naples now, the people did not rise to help him, and his small force was soon defeated by the troops of the Pope. He was taken prisoner, and the French soldiers were sent back to Italy.

Rome, the Capital of Italy

But the end was near. Garibaldi had not given his life-work in vain. In 1866 the Austrians gave up Venice, and it became part of the kingdom of Italy. In 1870, when the French began to fight with the Germans, their soldiers were withdrawn. Now was Victor Emmanuel's chance. He had no fear now of trouble with France. The Pope was asked to give up the government of Rome and the States of the Church. He refused, and the king sent an army against him. For three hours the cannon of the king thundered against the ancient walls of Rome, and then the city was given up and Victor Emmanuel marched in.

For the first time since ancient days all Italy was united into one kingdom, under one king, and the city of Rome was the capital of the nation. And I think you will say that no man had done more in bringing about the union of Italy than the noble old hero, Guiseppe Garibaldi.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

The Egyptian patriots of 1882, who rushed to arms at the call of Arabi Pasha for the expulsion of the hated British from their country, made their most vigorous stand behind the strong fortifications of Alexandria, where they fought with much resolution. But the cannon of the British fleet proved too heavy for their powers of defence, and the city fell into the hands of the invaders. It was plundered and partly burned by the Egyptians in their retreat.



VICTOR EMMANUEL



GIUSEPPE GARIBOLDI

GREAT ITALIAN PATRIOTS

CHAPTER VIII

Russia, the Colossus of the East



THREE countries of the world had a wonderful growth during the nineteenth century. Can you tell me what countries these were, or shall I have to tell you? If you have read this book carefully I am sure you can give me the names of two of them, at least. One of these is the United States, which has spread so widely over the continent of North America. The other is England, whose colonies may be found in all parts of the world. I fancy many of you can give me the name of the third. For those who cannot I will say that it is Russia, the great country of Eastern Europe.

Russia was a very large country in the year 1800, for it covered more than half of all Europe. It included also the vast country of Siberia, in the north of Asia, which is larger than all Europe. Even then Russia was the largest country on the face of the globe. Since that time it has taken in all of Central Asia, and a large slice of the north of China, and, like a hungry boy at the table, it keeps reaching out for more. It covers now one-sixth of all the land surface of the earth. No doubt, it would like to get hold of the other five-sixths; but they are not for sale.

Russia in 1800

Russia is big, but it is not great. There is a difference, you know, between being big and great. An ox is big, but a man is great. Russia has many millions of people, but they are ignorant and not much better in their habits and

customs than barbarians, and they hardly know what the word freedom means. One man's word there makes the law for over 120,000,000 persons. If it was that way with us we would call ourselves slaves. This is one reason why Russia is only big. A people without liberty and education can never be great.

Russia is not a very 'nice place to live in to-day, but it is better than it formerly was. At one time nearly all the farming people were actual slaves, for they had to stay on the land and to work for the lords, whether they wished to or not. Where a man was born there he must live and die; he could be cruelly punished if he tried to leave. I am glad to say that all these slaves were set free about the same time that the slaves in our own country were made freemen. The nineteenth century has done a great deal for human liberty, for it has brought freedom to all the slaves in Europe and America.

**How Russia
Treats its People**

There is another thing to say about Russia which is not very pleasant. Those who offended the czar or his officers in any way were not locked up in jail, but were sent away to the frozen country of Siberia, where they had to work in the mines and were treated very cruelly, so that many of them died. It was not only thieves and murderers that were sent to this dreadful country, but all those who wished Russia to be free and have a government like the other countries of Europe were dealt with in the same heartless manner. It was a cruel system, but it is not so hard now, for the Russians are getting a little ashamed of it, and do not like to be called barbarians by the people of enlightened nations.

I have called Russia "the Colossus of the East." A Colossus, you should know, means something very large—a giant among men or animals or nations. By the "East" we usually mean Asia. Russia covers not only most of the east

of Europe, but it extends far over Asia, so that it belongs to the East.

I must tell you something of the history of Asia in the nineteenth century, and show you how it has got to be more of a Colossus than ever. All through the century Russia has played what some of you would call a "grab game." It has taken all the land it could lay hold of, and it is not satisfied yet; it is all the time wanting more.

South of Russia lies the country of Turkey, which is in one way like Russia, for its people are ignorant and its ruler is absolute. That is, he can make what laws he pleases and he can be as much of a tyrant as he cares to. Turkey is not a Christian country. Its people are Moslems, or believers in the religion of Mohammed. But many Christians live there and they have often been treated with great cruelty, for the Moslems hate all religions but their own. This treatment of the Christians has caused the Russians to go to war with the Turks a number of times. It may be that this is only an excuse, and that all that Russia wants is to add Turkey to its great empire. At any rate the other nations of Europe think so, and they have done all they could to keep the big country from swallowing the little one.

**The Christians
in Turkey**

In 1828 Russia made war on Turkey and forced it to give more liberty to the Christians. The little kingdom of Greece obtained its freedom, and several provinces got what we call home rule. But Russia won nothing for itself, for the other nations stood around like so many bulldogs and made her keep her hands off.

Another war began in 1853. This time France and England came to the help of the Turks and there was fierce fighting in the Crimea, a peninsula which stretches down into the Black Sea. This became known as the Crimean War. The

Russians had in the Crimea a large and strong city named Sebastopol, in whose harbor was a powerful fleet. For months and months this city was bombarded, and thousands of cannon balls were thrown into it. At length, one day in September, 1855, the French and English made a desperate attack on its strongest forts. The English were driven back, but the French won their fort, and the Russians were forced to leave the town. That ended the war. Russia had lost all she fought for and the Turks felt proud of their success.

But the Czar of Russia was soon to have another chance, for the Turks began to ill-treat the Christians again.* The tax-gatherers took nearly everything the people had, acting like so many hungry wolves. This caused the brave mountaineers of Bosnia to rebel, and it seemed as if all the Christians might

**The Massacre
in Bulgaria**

join them and fight for liberty. To stop this the Sultan of Turkey sent his savage troops into Bulgaria, one of the Christian provinces, telling them to kill everybody they met. They were very ready to obey orders of this kind, and before they got through thousands of men, women and children were cut down with their swords. Dead bodies lay everywhere and the ground was red with blood.

When the news of this terrible slaughter spread over Europe the people were filled with horror. Not only men and women, but boys and girls like yourselves, thought that the savage Turks ought to be swept off the earth. Russia declared war and sent an army to punish the sultan for his cruelty. This time England and France did not come to his aid, for the great and good Gladstone wrote a pamphlet on the "Bulgarian Horrors" which told such a terrible story that the English people were furious against the Turks.

On went the Russian soldiers, over the rugged Balkan mountains, and down to the very gates of Constantinople, the

capital of Turkey. The Turks fought hard, but they were driven back, and this time it looked as if Russia would win what it had so long fought for, and the empire of Turkey would come to an end.

But the other powers of Europe were as determined as ever that Russia should not have Turkey. They were afraid lest that great country should grow strong enough to conquer all the rest of Europe. England told Russia to stop, and hinted, that if she did not, an army would be sent to help the Turks. The czar did not want another Crimean War, so he drew back and let the powers help make the treaty of peace. Thus it was that Russia got very little for her victories ; but Turkey lost nearly all her Christian provinces, which were taken from her and made free kingdoms.

Russia and the Powers

Very likely the time will come when Russia will win Constantinople, which she has tried so often to gain. But she did not win it in the nineteenth century, for at the end of that century it was still the capital of the Turkish empire, as it had been for many centuries before.

If you look back over what you have just read, you will see that Russia got hardly a slice of land from Turkey during the century, in spite of all her efforts. But if we take a look at Asia we shall find a very different state of affairs. In that great continent Russia has been going ahead at a rapid rate. She has run through the continent like a huge railroad engine, smashing everything that came in her way.

The vast region of Siberia was conquered two centuries before, but in 1858 Russia took possession of that part of Siberia lying along the great Amur River. This belonged to China, but the czar did not take the trouble to ask the Chinese emperor for it, and paid no attention to his complaints. About the same time the Russians went to war with the brave moun-

taineers of the Caucasus Mountains, between the Black and the Caspian Seas. Here was a hero named Schamyl, a brave and daring man, who fought against them for years. But they were too strong. Schamyl was beaten, and the Caucasus became part of Russia.

South of Siberia lies a great region inhabited by wandering shepherds and herdsmen, who have great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and horses. It is called the Steppe and is almost a desert. South of that again is the broad region known as Turkestan or Central Asia, part of which is a sandy desert and part is made up of fertile oases, or islands of soil

**The Steppe and
Turkestan**

in the sand. This country was inhabited by tribes of fierce and daring horsemen, who liked war better than peace, and treated their prisoners in a very savage manner. These were the next countries which Russia conquered. The soldiers of the czar began to fight the Turkomans in 1864, and in 1881 the last fight took place. The whole country was won and has been part of Russia since that date.

One good thing has come from this war. The Russians are not highly civilized, but the Turkomans were fierce barbarians, whose chief delight was in robbery and bloodshed. Russia has stopped all this. The Turkomans have been made to go to work and to live by honest labor instead of by theft. And a railroad has been built across their country, and has brought the blessings of commerce to a region that once lived by rapine and war.

Russia in Europe covers an area of about 2,000,000 square miles. In Asia it has an area of over 6,500,000 square miles. The whole empire is nearly as large as the continent of North America. That, you might think, ought to be enough territory for one man to rule over. But it is not; the czar and his people want more.

CHAPTER IX

Louis Napoleon and His Empire



NAPOLEON the Conqueror brought no end of misery to France. But he brought no end of glory, also. And the time came when people forgot the misery and thought only of the glory.

What if millions of people had died and millions of homes had been made desolate ! That was past and gone, and it was only remembered that he had made France the lord and master of Europe. So instead of calling him Napoleon the Monster, as many had done, they called him Napoleon the Great. That is a weakness which most of us have. We do not admire the man who robs and murders in a small way, but we are too apt to worship the man who robs and murders in a large way. I hope all my readers, when they think of war, will think of both things that it brings, the misery as well as the glory.

Do you ask how we know that the French made so great a hero of Napoleon ? We know it in many ways, and one of the ways is this. When another Napoleon came before the people for their votes they went wild over him.

And even when he overturned the government and made himself an emperor, the people of France quietly let him do so, and voted for him again by an immense vote. I doubt if they would have done so if it had not been for his name.

**Napoleon the
Little**

This Napoleon was not a great man. He has often been called Napoleon the Little. But he bore a famous name and

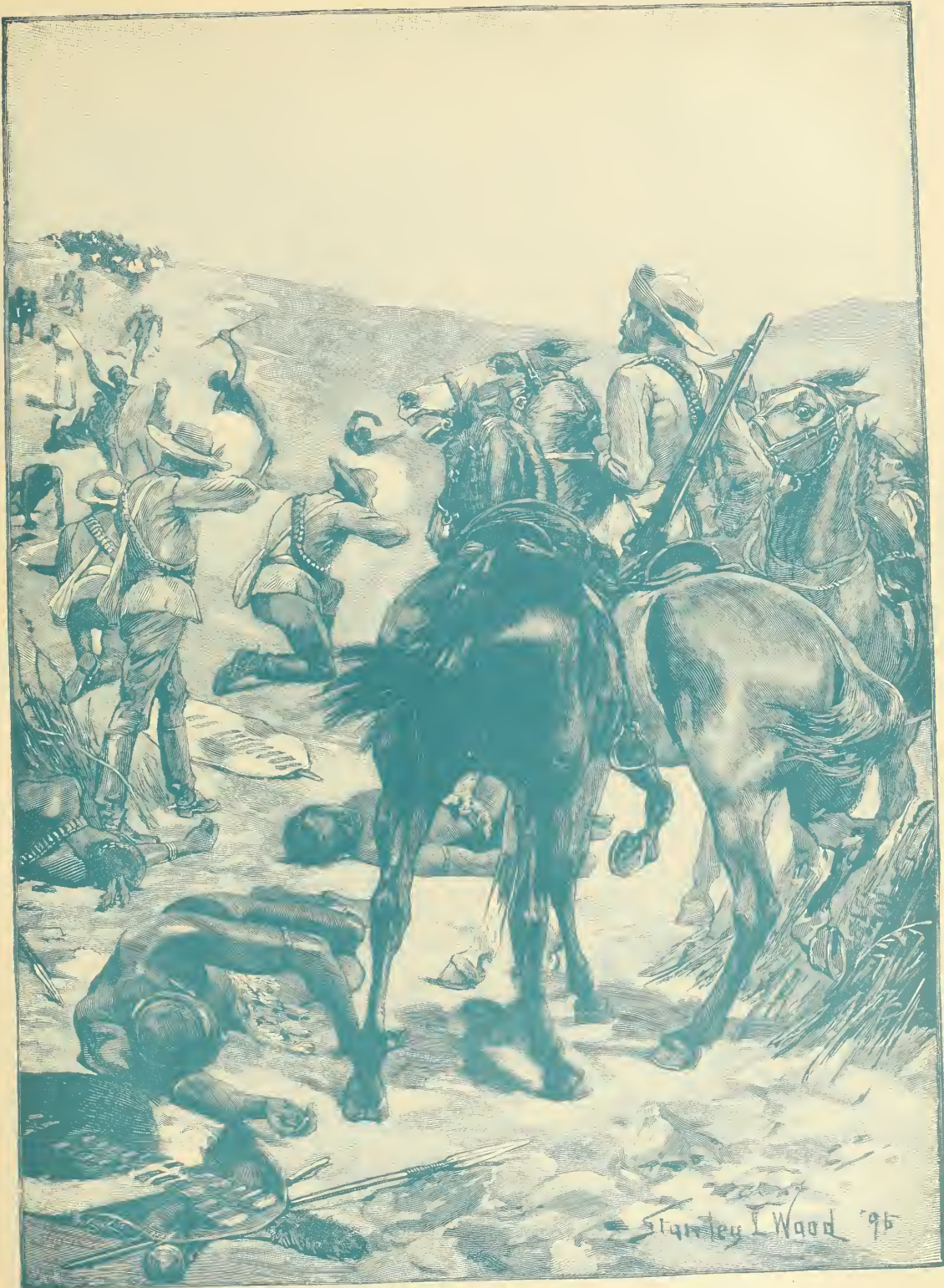
was a nephew of the mighty conqueror, and that was enough for the people of France, who have always loved glory more than they loved liberty. As I have told you the story of Napoleon the Great, I shall tell that of Napoleon the Little.

His full name was Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. But this was too long a name for common use, so he was known as Louis Napoleon. He was a son of Louis Bonaparte, a brother of the great Napoleon. His father had once been king of Holland, and he wanted badly to be king or emperor of France. He got to be, too.

Just here I must say something about the history of France after the battle of Waterloo. While Napoleon was kept by the English on the far-off island of St. Helena, like a war-eagle chained to a rock, one of the old family of kings

Two Old Kings reigned over France. They called him Louis XVIII. He was a good-natured old soul, who only asked for a quiet life, and the people were well satisfied with him. But he died, and his brother became king, as Charles X.

This Charles was a tyrant, or wanted to be. He was a fool, also, as many tyrants are. He tried to take away liberty and free speech from the people. I fancy he did not know very well what he was about. The French people had no room for tyrants. They had seen enough of them in the past. So as soon as the new laws that were to rob them of their liberty were made public all Paris was up in arms. Mobs paraded the streets. There was fighting with the soldiers and men were killed. The king saw that he had made a blunder and tried to draw back by repealing the new laws. It was too late. The people had enough of him. He did not know but that they might cut off his head as they had cut off the head of Louis XVI., his brother. So he hurried away from France as fast as his trembling old legs would carry him.



BATTLE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE ZULUS, SOUTH AFRICA

Of all the natives encountered by the British in Africa, there were none more brave and daring than the Zulus of the South, who did not hesitate with spear and shield to charge against the death-dealing rifles of their foes. Cetewayo, the leader of these valiant blacks, was a man who would have been a hero in civilized warfare. As a captive savage in London streets he compelled the respect of his enemies by the majestic dignity of his bearing, and won the right to return and die in his native land.



WRECK SHIPBOARD

THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA," THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL CONFEDERATE CRUISERS
The battle between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* took place off the coast of France, June, 1864. "The famous cruiser was going down, and the boats of the *Kearsarge* were hurriedly sent to help the drowning men. The stern settled, the bow rose high in the air, the immense ship plunged out of sight, and the career of the *Alabama* was ended forever."

The people did not make a republic as they might have done, but they put a new king on the throne. His name was Louis Philippe. He was of the old royal family, but he and his father had taken part in the French Revolution, and it was thought that a man who had fought for the liberty of France could be trusted to take care of that liberty.

If you knew much about kings, you would know that, while many of them are proud, not many of them are wise. They have plenty of fine jewels and rich and showy clothing, but good sense is a better thing than good clothes, and that they do not often have. Louis Philippe was not a bad sort of a man, but he did foolish things which made the people angry, and the time came when they got tired of him. He was made king in 1830, and the people put up with him for eighteen years.

**The Insurrec-
tion of 1848**

Then, one fine day in the year 1848, a great mob filled the streets of Paris, as had often been the case before, and the king was told that he was not wanted any longer. So off went King Louis, post-haste, for England, as King Charles had done before him. The kings of France had got to be very much afraid of the Paris mob.

What was to be done now? Here was the great French nation once more without a head. In the past fifty years the people of France had been ruled over by the emperor Napoleon, by two kings of the old royal family, and by one king of the Revolution. None of these quite suited them, and they had grown tired of kings. They thought they would like to rule themselves, as the people of the United States did; that is, they decided to have a republic, with a president at its head.

Louis Napoleon was then in England. He had long wanted to be a king, and he had twice come over to France to ask the people to have him instead of Louis Philippe. Very likely he thought they would run after him, as they had

after his uncle when he came back from Elba, but instead of that the people kept quiet, and he was taken prisoner and sent to jail for life. He managed somehow to get out of prison and to get back to England, and there he waited till he heard that the French had set their king adrift and were in the market for a president. Then he came back as fast as wind and sails could carry him. He wanted to be something. If he could not be king he was willing to be president.

No one thought of sending him to prison this time. He was a Bonaparte, and France was fond of that name; so he was most welcome. He was elected to the French Congress, and soon offered himself for President. Now the magic of Louis Napoleon his name came to his help. There were better Elected President and wiser men in France, plenty of them, but they were not Bonapartes, and when the election came off he received more than five and a half millions of votes, while General Cavaignac, the other candidate, received only one and a half millions. So Louis Napoleon was made president for four years.

It is a good thing to buy a dove, but it is a bad thing to buy a hawk. You can trust your dove, but you cannot trust your hawk. The French people had bought a hawk when they chose Louis Napoleon for president. Perhaps I had better say they had bought a vulture. At any rate, they were quickly to learn that they had made a grand mistake.

The new president soon showed that he was ambitious. He began to fight with the Assembly—the Congress of France—and to do things which he had no right to, under the laws. But that did not satisfy him. He remembered that his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, had made himself Emperor, and he wanted to do the same thing. It was a dangerous business, but a man who wants to steal a government has got to run some risk.

What he did was to get the army on his side, for he knew that he might need to use force to accomplish his purposes. He tried to get on the right side of the people, also, by pretending to be their friend, and making them believe that the Assembly was against them. When he had worked in this way for a year or two he was ready to make another move.

The 2d of December was a day that meant much to the French. On that day, in 1804, the first Napoleon had been crowned emperor, and on that same day in 1805 he had won the great victory of Austerlitz. Louis Napoleon chose that day in 1851 to play the traitor to his country. He had his soldiers ready, and suddenly sent them to seize all the members of the Assembly whom he was afraid of, and lock them up in prison. Then, when the people rose in the streets to defend their liberties, he made his soldiers fire on them and shoot them down in heaps. The liberty of France went out that day in bloodshed and murder.

*The History of
a Crime*

Victor Hugo, the great French author, has told all about this in a book, which he called "The History of a Crime." That was a good name for it, for murder is the worst of crimes. Suppose one of our presidents should try the same thing, what would we call it? We would want some stronger word than crime.

I have told you how Louis Napoleon tried to get on the right side of the people. But he was afraid to ask them to make him emperor till he had given them more time to think about it. So he offered them a new constitution which made him president for ten years and gave him as much power as a king. He was a Bonaparte, "the nephew of his uncle"; he had done some good things for the people. This was enough; they gave the new constitution a majority of more than seven million votes.

The new president-king let another year pass by, in which he pretended to be very noble and generous and pious and a good friend of the people, doing all he could in the way of public works. Then he asked them to vote for him as emperor. They did as he wished. If one can believe the returns nearly eight million people voted for him. I doubt if we can quite believe those returns. If you have read much about politics you must know what election returns often mean in our large cities. They mean a little truth and a good deal of fraud and falsehood. People said that the vote for Louis Napoleon was a lie of the largest size. But who was to call it in question? He had the army on his side, and it was remembered how the people had been shot down in Paris. It was safest to throw their hats in the air and hurrah for the Emperor Napoleon III. He called himself Napoleon the Third, for the first Napoleon had a son whom people called Napoleon the Second, though he never came to the throne.

**A New Emperor
in France**

Now that Louis Napoleon was emperor, what did he do? Well, not much to boast of. He put on royal airs, and wore showy clothes, and strutted about in a kingly fashion, and told the Assembly what laws he wanted them to pass, and thought himself of very great importance indeed; but I do not believe he was any happier than he had been as president, and who knows but the ghosts of those he had murdered to make himself emperor came to haunt him at night?

The monarchs of Europe were a little scared. They did not forget the trouble they had had with Napoleon I., and the very name of Napoleon was enough to frighten them. But the new emperor said "the Empire is peace," and he kept quiet so long that they began to believe him. He spent much of his time in trying to make Paris finer. He had new streets laid out and bridges built and splendid buildings put up, and

he opened a great World's Fair, the finest that had been seen up to that time. And he did all he could to help trade and industry in France, and make the people happy and prosperous; so that they began to forget that he had stolen the throne, and to think him a very fair sort of king.

"The Empire is peace" is a pretty motto, but it did not wear well. The Empire of Napoleon III. was founded on the army. The soldiers had put him on the throne and kept him there, and he was obliged to think of the army as well as the people. Now the motto of an army is, "The Empire is War." Soldiers and officers want to win glory in battle; and very likely many of the people began to think that a Napoleon who did no fighting was not of much account. They remembered that his uncle did hardly anything else than fight. I think the new emperor himself wanted a little of that sort of glory that comes from war. Victory on the battle-field seems to give a man so much more importance, and he was a little jealous of the fame of his uncle.

The Empire is
War

At any rate he gave his soldiers all the fighting he could find for them. Before he got to be emperor he sent a number of them to Rome and kept them there for years, where they helped to keep the people of Italy from winning their liberty. Then in 1854 he sent a large army to Turkey, where they aided the English and the Turks in the Crimean War. They won some glory there, for it was they who took the fort at Sebastopol when the English were driven back, and who forced the Russians to give up that strong city.

But all this did not satisfy the emperor. He could not forget that his warlike uncle had led his own armies to victory, and that his first battles had been in Italy against the Austrians. There was a fine chance for him to try and win glory for himself, for the Austrians were again in Italy and

were making trouble there. They held the rich kingdom of Lombardy, and in 1859 they went to war with Sardinia and hoped to get that too. At once Napoleon sent an army into Italy to help the king of Sardinia, and it was not long before he was there himself. He had an "order of the day" read to them, in which he told them of what their fathers had done in Italy under the great Napoleon, and asked them to do as well for him. This filled the army with pride and courage.

I do not intend to tell you all about the war. But I must say that Louis Napoleon did not show himself much of a soldier. He made more military blunders in a week than his uncle had made in all his life. But, by good luck for him, the Austrians made worse blunders still, and so he won the great battle of Magenta. Not long afterwards the two armies came together again and the French won another great victory, known as Solferino. That was enough for Austria. Peace was made and Lombardy was given up to Italy.

Many people blamed Napoleon for giving up the war so soon. But he knew what he was about. He had sense enough to know that he was not made for a general, and that he had better keep the glory he had won and not risk it all by trying to win more. So he came home feeling very grand, while the French people looked upon him as a great conqueror. Nobody called him Napoleon the Little just then.

It seemed as if his success in Italy had put false notions into Napoleon's head, for he began to look about him for some other place where his soldiers could win fame for France. He found a very bad place, as it turned out. The people of the United States were at that time busy with their great Civil War, and he thought this would be a good time to meddle in American affairs. So he stirred up some sort of a quarrel with Mexico, and sent an army there. This very soon defeated

the Mexican soldiers, and the government was overturned and an empire formed. A member of the royal family of Austria, named Maximilian, was sent out to act as emperor, and once more Napoleon III. felt grand.

But he had made a great blunder. He knew all about the "Monroe Doctrine" of the United States Government, which says very plainly that this country will not let any of the nations of Europe take possession of any part of America, and tells them plainly to keep out. He fancied, however, that the United States was going to be broken to pieces and would be of no account any longer. That is the big mistake he made.

**The French in
Mexico**

The people of this country went on fighting till their war was over, and then they told Napoleon to take his army out of Mexico very quick or he would find himself in trouble. He obeyed orders; he knew he had to get out or get whipped. As soon as they were gone the people of Mexico went to war with Maximilian, took him prisoner, and shot him. That was the end of the empire which Louis Napoleon founded in Mexico, and since then the nations of Europe have let America alone. They do not care to wake up the great watch-dog of the American continent.

The next thing Napoleon did was a greater mistake still. He grew so proud of his army that he fancied it could fight any nation in Europe, so he picked a quarrel with the king of Prussia, and went to war with him. I shall not tell you about this war here. I must hold it back for a chapter further on. All I need say at this place is, that the French emperor soon found that he had made a fatal mistake, and that his army was no match for that of King William of Prussia. He was beaten in every battle, his armies were captured, his cities were taken, and he was made a prisoner of war, which ended his career.

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CHAPTER X

England and Her Colonies



THE people of England used to make the proud boast that "Britannia rules the waves!" They quit saying so after the War of 1812, when the few American ships made such havoc in the great British fleet. They saw that another nation had come which had something to say about who should rule the waves.

Other British sayings are that the morning gun of England is heard round the world, and that the sun never sets upon English soil. What is said about the morning gun is poetry, but what is said about the sun is truth. For the colonies of Great Britain stretch so far around the earth that when it is night over some of them the sun is shining on others. To-day, the greatness of England is largely due to her colonies; so it seems well that you should know something about them. The history of colonies in the nineteenth century is a very interesting one. When that century began Spain had the greatest colonies on the earth. It held nearly all of South America except Brazil, and all of North America except the United States and Canada. And it held two-thirds of what is now the United States. At the end of the century it had lost all this great dominion, and all its islands in the East and West Indies. Portugal had lost the great empire of Brazil.

Now let us go back to England and her colonies. You know how she once owned the country which is now the

Spain Loses
Her Colonies



KING EDWARD VII TAKING THE OATH.

United States, and how she lost it by trying to oppress its people. But you may not know that this is the only colony England ever lost. She was taught a lesson by the brave soldiers of the American Revolution which she did not forget, and she never afterwards tried to act the tyrant to her colonies. England does not want any more Revolutions, so she is wise enough to let the people of her colonies govern themselves.

One of the greatest of the English colonies is the next-door neighbor of the United States, the great country we call Canada. There are people who think that Canada ought to belong to the United States, and armies were sent there during the Revolution and the War of 1812.

But they did not succeed, and Canada still belongs to Great Britain. It does not object to belong to that country; it is rather proud of it than otherwise, for the Canadians are very loyal to their mother-country; in the South African war, some of the best and bravest soldiers who fought the Boers came from the great colony of Canada.

**The Loyalty of
Canada**

I cannot say, indeed, that all the people of that country love England. You must remember that Canada once belonged to France, and that many of its people have come down from the old French colonists. These have never forgotten that France is their mother-land, and many of them do not love England enough even to learn its language, so that in parts of Canada you might think you were in France.

Have you any idea how large a country Canada is? You would hardly think that it is larger than the United States, yet such is the fact. Larger in square miles, I mean, for, though it was settled before the United States, it has only about 5,000,000 people. Why is this? Well, there is one word for it—cold. Much of Canada is a very cold country, the greater part of it being so chilly and frozen that only wild Indians and daring fur-hunters care to live in it. To be sure,

there is one part of that cold region where many people live and where a large city has sprung up. This is along the Klondike River, where gold was found a few years ago. When gold is to be had, people do not stop to think of cold or any other evil. But when the yellow metal is all dug up they will fly away, like birds, to warmer climes.

But further south and along the Great Lakes Canada is full of people, hardy, industrious, energetic men and women, as pushing and enterprising as the people of the United States. It is a great farming country, and fine crops of wheat and other grains are raised. Then the woods are full of splendid timber, and the waters are crowded with fine fish, and we may well say that Canada has a great future before it. Though it is a colony of Great Britain, it is almost as free as the United States. It has its own government and makes its own laws, and England's idea of governing Canada is to let it alone. The people there would not bear oppression for a day, and the governing powers in England know that very well.

Another important colony of England is the immense island of Australia, which is three-fourths as large as all Europe. For a long time England kept this island as a place to send its convicts to, and its people were made up of criminals of many kinds. But in 1851 gold was found there, three years after it was found in California. If you ask your fathers, they can tell you how excited the people were when they heard that the yellow metal was in California for any one to dig up, and how they hurried there in thousands. They rushed to Australia in the same way, and were soon digging away like madmen, and talking about nothing else but gold dust and cradles and washers.

There is one thing about Australia which I trust you will like to hear. England got that great island without fighting,

and it is the only colony she ever got in that way. The Australians were low savages who dwelt in the desert where white men could not live, so in that country there has never been a war. It is the only large country on the earth of which that can be said.

I cannot say that of New Zealand, a fine country which is south of Australia, and which England has held as a colony since 1840. This is a group of much smaller islands, which were inhabited by a far braver people, the Maoris, who fought for their homes as fiercely as the Indians did in America. War went on there for about twenty-five years. At the end of that time there were not many Maoris left to fight, and since 1870 the English there have been at peace.

**The Fate of the
Maoris**

Gold had a good deal to do with the peopling of Australia. But gold was not all, for great flocks of sheep were raised, and there were other valuable products. These have taken so many people to Australia that it has now more than 3,000,000 inhabitants and several large cities. There are more than 300,000 people in Melbourne and 250,000 in Sydney.

Now we must take a look at the greatest of the English colonies, India or Hindustan, one of the southern peninsulas of Asia extending into the Indian Ocean. It is a very rich and fertile country, and has the greatest population of any country on the globe except China, its people numbering nearly 300,000,000. Just think of that vast multitude of human beings, and then look at the little speck of land known as England, and try to fancy this little country governing that great one. It is like a dwarf governing a giant! But the people of England have far more energy and spirit than the people of India, and they know far more about the arts of war and of government; so step by step they have conquered all India and rule it as their own.

This began about one hundred and fifty years ago, when a brave Englishman named Robert Clive, with about 1000 British soldiers, defeated about 70,000 of the natives. Then, near the opening of the nineteenth century, the Marquis of Wellesley—who afterwards became Lord Wellington and won the battle of Waterloo—gained many victories in India, and the British power spread wider and wider. All through the nineteenth century the British kept up the struggle, now winning one victory, now another, until nearly all the Indian rulers had to submit to them. But they did not do this without much hard fighting and some dreadful scenes. I shall have to tell you about some of these.

North of India lies a country named Afghanistan, or land of the Afghans, and about 1837 the British began to meddle with this region. In 1839 they sent a number of soldiers to Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and left them in possession of that city. But you must know that the Afghans are a very fierce and brave people, who love their liberty, and they did not intend to have these strangers as masters of their country if they could help it. They gave the British so much trouble that in 1842 the soldiers had to leave Cabul and begin a retreat to India.

I do not think you ever read of quite so terrible a retreat as that was. There were 16,000 of the British, of whom only 4000 were soldiers, and many of the others were women and children. Everywhere on the hills around them were the savage Afghans, who fired on them and cut them down by hundreds. It is hard to believe it, but of all that great company only one man got safely away. This was a Dr. Brydon, who was covered with cuts and bruises and so worn out that he was ready to fall from his horse when he reached an Indian city. A few had been taken prisoners, but all the rest were dead. Of the whole army only this one man escaped.

**The Afghan
People**

That was terrible enough, but a still more terrible event was soon to come. The British had made soldiers of some of the people of India, teaching them how to fight, and the time came when they thought they would rather fight for themselves than for their British masters. So they formed a secret plot, and in 1857 they broke out into a dreadful mutiny. Everywhere they suddenly began to kill the British—the women as well as the men, and even the poor little children. Things were done that are too horrible to talk about.

Have you ever heard of the siege of Lucknow? In this city were some soldiers and many women and children, and around the city were thousands of savage mutineers, trying to get in and kill them all. For months the soldiers fought them off, hoping that help would come. At last they were half dead with the heat and with hunger, and began to fear that no one would ever come to their aid. But one day a Scotch girl sprang to her feet and cried out: “*Dinna ye hear the pibroch?*”

**The Siege of
Lucknow**

She had heard the bagpipes playing a Highland air. They were far off, but they came nearer and nearer, and got louder and louder, and then the Highlanders appeared, marching behind the piper and fighting their way through the enemy. You may imagine there was a happy time in the city of Lucknow that day. Life had come where they looked only for death. In the end the mutiny was put down and the mutineers were severely punished, and the British were masters of India again. They are masters of that country to-day, but no one can say how long they will stay so; for in the north are the Russians, who would like to get India and China both; and the people of India themselves are very tired of having a foreign master, and may rise in mutiny again some day. But all this is in the future, and the future is not history.

**Lucknow
Relieved**

Now let us take a look at Africa, in which continent England has some large colonies. Africa is a great country, full of people, but nearly the whole of it has been taken as their own by the nations of Europe. England holds the lion's share, nearly 3,000,000 square miles. Then Germany, and Portugal, and Spain, and Turkey have each their share, and in the centre of the continent is the great Congo Free State, about 900,000 square miles, under the control of little Belgium. Nearly all the continent is claimed by the powers of Europe, except part of the desert of Sahara and the rocky country of Abyssinia, whose people have driven out their enemies and kept their freedom.

England has the great Cape Colony in the south, of which I shall speak in a later chapter. Then it has large colonies in the east and the west, and it holds Egypt in the north. Egypt is not a colony. The British have no right there ; but they stay there all the same, and do not intend to let go as long as they can hold on. But they have had to fight in Egypt as hard as in India.

It is claimed that Egypt owns all the land along the great River Nile, as far as the great lakes of Central Africa. Here is where most of the fighting has been. An Arab prophet called the Mahdi stirred up the people of that region about 1880 and drove out the British and Egyptians with great slaughter. Ever since then the British have been trying to fight their way back. In this long fight the brave General Gordon was killed and many others lost their lives. The last battle was in 1897, when General Kitchener gave the Arabs a terrible defeat. Thus if England is a little country in itself, it is the most extensive country in the world if we count its colonies.



BISMARCK.

FAVRE.

THIERS.

BISMARCK DICTATING TERMS OF PEACE AT THE CLOSE OF FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR AT VERSAILLES.

CHAPTER XI

How Bismarck Made an Empire



OW-A-DAYS, in reading the newspapers, you will not often miss seeing something about Germany. Here you will read about its emperor, there about its army and navy, farther on about its laws or its people. It fills up so much space in the daily news that you might well take it to be one of the old empires of Europe. You would hardly think that this empire of Germany is only about thirty years old. Yet such is the case. You know how a mushroom grows. To-day it is only a little white ball the size of a pea; to-morrow it is a wide-spreading, umbrella-shaped plant. That is the way Germany has sprung up, something like a mushroom.

In the year 1800 there was a German people, but no German nation. I have told you how Italy was once broken up into little kingdoms. Germany was broken up much the same way. If you fling down a pain of glass it is likely to splinter into many fragments, some large, some medium sized, some small. Germany seemed to have been thrown down that way on the map of Europe and splintered into large and small bits. In the south was one great piece called the Empire of Austria. In the north was another piece not so large called the Kingdom of Prussia. Then there were medium pieces called Saxony, Bavaria, and so on. After them came smaller pieces, and then a large number of tiny bits, some of them not much larger than a plantation down South. There were more than

**How Germany
was Divided**

three hundred of these states, some of which looked as if you might pick them up and put them in your pocket. They had their rulers, and their capitals, and their armies—if you call that an army which is made up of a drummer, and a general, and a dozen or two of men. It was the kind of an army we see sometimes on the stage at the theatre.

Most of the wars of Napoleon were with these German states. For many centuries they had been joined together into what was called the “Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation.” They pretended to keep up the old Empire

**What Napoleon
did for Germany**

of Rome, but they were like so many beads on a string. Napoleon cut the string and away went the beads. That is to say, he put an end to the Holy Roman Empire. But he joined many of the small states together, and gave some of the little ones to the large ones, so that when he got through, instead of their being more than three hundred, there were only thirty-nine.

Two of these, Austria and Prussia, were powerful nations. Four of them, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, were strong kingdoms. Most of the other thirty-three were a sort of vest-pocket states, whose rulers played at being kings. I am sure if you had been at their capital cities and seen those little rulers strutting about as if they owned the earth, you could not have helped laughing at them.

Now let us go on down the century and see what else took place. As the years went by, Prussia kept growing stronger, while Austria stood still. Austria had once been the great power in Germany, but Prussia now took its place. Have you ever seen a young, strong fellow push an old man aside and take his place? That is what Prussia did to Austria.

In the year 1862 the king of Prussia died and a new king came to the throne, under the name of William I. And one of the first things King William did was to choose for his

minister the ablest man in Germany, Count Otto von Bismarck. Now if any of my little girl friends will dress up her doll in its best clothes, and put a sort of crown on its head, and pretend it is a king, and seat herself in a chair beside it, and pretend to be the king's minister, she will be able to see how things went on after that in Germany. It is not quite fair to call King William a dressed-up doll, but it was Count Bismarck who did the work, and if it had not been for him history would have very little to say about the great Emperor William of Germany. It was Bismarck who made a big emperor out of a little king.

Bismarck was a very able man, but a good deal of a tyrant. He did all he could to overthrow the liberty of the people. He made laws without asking the parliament. He laid taxes, formed treaties with foreign nations, and did everything very much as he pleased. When he said yes, King William never said no. He went to **Bismarck and King William** war with Denmark and took a large piece of land from that little kingdom. Then a dispute arose between Prussia and Austria, and these two powerful nations went to war. It was one of the shortest wars in history. In a few weeks Austria was completely beaten, and Prussia became the great power in Germany. This was in 1866. In 1870 there came a greater war still.

I am going here to tell you how the war of 1870 came about, for, though it did not last very long, it was one of the most important wars in the nineteenth century. But first there are two things you should know, since these are the things that made Prussia so powerful. One was the strength of the army of that country. After Prussia was beaten so badly by Napoleon Bonaparte, early in the century, it began to drill soldiers and collect guns and powder and shot, and invent new weapons of war, until its army got to be the strongest in

Europe. This was shown when it went to war with Austria, for it whipped that powerful nation more quickly than Napoleon had done in any of his wars.

The second thing you should know is that Prussia grew far stronger after the war with Austria. Some of the German states which had helped Austria were seized by Prussia, much as the United States has seized the Philippine Islands. Others of these states joined with Prussia to form a North German confederation, a kind of federal union. In this way Prussia got to be one of the most powerful kingdoms in Europe. It is well you should know this before you read about the war which helped Bismarck to make an empire out of a kingdom. In the past Prussia had not been of much account in Europe; now it was to become of great account.

**The Growth of
Prussia**

The war we are now talking about was with France. I told you a little about it in the chapter on Louis Napoleon; now I must tell you more. You read in that chapter about the blunder that Napoleon made when he tried to start an empire in Mexico, and how quickly he got out when the United States told him to go. This blunder did not help him in France. Many of the people had always looked on him as a thief who had stolen the empire, and as soon as he began to make mistakes more people thought so. He did some other things which the people did not like, and it may be he began to fear that they would treat him as they had done Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and send him packing off to England.

There was one way to put them in good humor again, and that was to go to war and win victories. After he had fought with and beaten the Austrians, the people got to think a great deal of him. If he could only defeat the Prussians, who had defeated the Austrians, it would make him a greater

man than ever. Napoleon thought he had a very fine army. And he had a new gun which could throw twenty-five balls at once. He fancied that with his soldiers and his machine gun he could make as short work with Prussia as that country had done with Austria. As for the thousands of men who would be killed and wounded, and the families which would be ruined and thrown into misery and despair, by a war, that did not seem to trouble him. He thought a great deal more of himself and his power than of the people of France and Germany.

Of course, I am talking here about something that I only guess at. We do not often know the secret thoughts in the brains of kings and emperors, and can judge of what they think only by what they do. What Napoleon seemed to do was to look around him for some excuse for a war, something to fight about. He found one in Spain, which just then had no king, and was in the market for one, and which had offered its throne to a cousin of the royal family of Prussia, named Leopold. He accepted it, as was very natural, for thrones do not often go begging.

**Napoleon's
Blunders**

Here was an excuse for war, ready-made, for the French emperor, who did not want to see a Prussian on the Spanish throne. He sent word to King William of Prussia that he must not let Prince Leopold accept the crown of Spain. King William sent word back that he had nothing to do with it, and that Leopold was his own master and free to do what he pleased. When Leopold heard of all this uproar he drew back and said he would not have the throne of Spain. That ought to have ended the whole business, and it would, if Napoleon had not wanted a war. As it was, he wrote to King William that it was not right to let Leopold accept the throne without consulting him and his cabinet. King William replied that he had nothing more to say, and that he would

not stop Prince Leopold from doing what he pleased in the matter. That was enough. Napoleon had found the excuse he wanted. He at once declared war against Prussia.

I have used the name of King William, but the fact is that those answers came from Count Bismarck. The king danced when Bismarck played the fiddle. And when the war began, it was not the king who fought it, but a great general named Von Moltke, who could handle an army better than any man in Europe. As for the emperor Napoleon, he was as blind as a bat, and went to war without knowing what he was about. His uncle, the great Napoleon, knew all about his army; the little Napoleon knew nothing about his. The war minister told him that all was ready, and that "not a single button was wanting on a single gaiter." The war minister knew no more about it than the emperor. In fact, nothing was ready, and there was a good deal more wanting than gaiter buttons. It was only in the Prussian army that everything was ready and not a button was missing. I fancy you can judge from this what was the end of Napoleon's war.

The French were as ignorant of the state of affairs as the emperor. "On to Berlin!" they shouted, flinging their hats into the air. They were full of high spirits. They said that in a few days they would be across the borders, and in a few weeks they would be in the Prussian capital, and that then King William and Count Bismarck would be glad to beg for peace. That was what they expected. What was the fact? The fact was that they did not cross the border at all, they did not set foot on German territory, and the German army marched into Paris instead of the French army into Berlin.

Now I have talked enough about what went before the war; I must say something about the war itself. I must let

you hear the guns boom and the drums beat. I know that is what the boys like to hear, and some of the girls also.

When the French army reached the frontier what did they see? There was the German army ready to meet them, moving like clockwork, every wheel of it fitting neatly into another wheel. General Von Moltke was too old to march at the head of the army, but he laid out all the plans so finely that it was said he had only to strike a bell and everything went as he wished. That was not the way with the French. There was no clockwork about their army. They were brave enough, but they had no great leader, no fine organization, no large supplies, and there was more confusion than system in their movements. They had gone to war blindly and were soon to find that out.

**The Two
Emperors**

The Emperor Napoleon marched with his army; his heart full of pride and hope. The telegraph lines were all ready to carry back the news of his victories to Paris. King William was with his army, too, and he was quite as confident, and with more reason. The two armies met on August 2, 1870, and within a week four battles had been fought. In the first the French got a little the best of it, and the wires took to Paris the story of a brilliant victory. After that they had nothing but the tale of defeat to carry.

On August 6th there was a terrible battle at a place called Worth. It lasted fifteen hours, and both sides lost heavily. The French were defeated and had to retreat. But they had not gone far back before the Germans were ahead of them, cutting them off. Then two more battles were fought. On August 16th the two armies met at a place called Gravelotte, the Germans with 200,000 men, the French with 140,000. Here was fought the greatest battle of the war. The armies struggled face to face all day long. Both sides were brave and resolute. The French held their ground and

died like heroes. The Germans dashed on them and died like heroes. For nine hours went on the terrible conflict, and 40,000 men fell dead or wounded on the bloody field. Then Bazaine, the French general, gave it up and withdrew his men to the strong city of Metz. He had fought bravely but had failed. The Germans surrounded Metz and held him there. In this way half the French army was shut up in a cage.

There was another army of about 140,000 men under Marshal MacMahon, an able general, who had won fame in Italy. The Emperor Napoleon was with him. MacMahon tried to reach Metz and join Bazaine and his men, and Von Moltke laid his plans to stop him. He did so, too; the French were driven back, and at the end of August they gathered around a fortress named Sedan, on the Belgian frontier of France. It was just the sort of place Von Moltke wanted to get them in. He laughed when he saw them there. "The trap is closed and the mouse in it," he said.

**The Trap at
Sedan**

It turned out as he said. The German army spread out till they surrounded the French, and poured on them such a hail-storm of shot and shell that the valley was filled with dead and wounded. The French fought with their old courage, but they could not get out, and they were murdered in multitudes. In the end the whole army had to surrender. On the 2d of September, just one month after the first fight, an army of 83,000 men became prisoners of war, and with them the Emperor of France.

Two days afterwards Louis Napoleon ceased to be emperor. A meeting was held in Paris, a new government was formed, the emperor was deposed, and a republic was established. This was a revolution, though it was finished in a day and without a shot being fired or a drop of blood shed. There have not been many revolutions like that.

The war went on, but France had no chance to win. On October 30th Marshal Bazaine surrendered Metz and gave up his army of more than 150,000 men as prisoners of war. Then the Germans gathered around Paris and besieged that great city. Here the French made their last strong fight. They held out for four months, until the people were so hungry that they had to eat the animals in the Zoological Garden. They gave up when there was nothing more to eat. Soon all the armies of France were dispersed, all its fortresses were captured, and the Germans were masters of France. Napoleon's war had proved the greatest blunder of his life, for it ruined his country and ended his reign.

**The Siege of
Paris**

There is one more thing of great importance to speak about—"How Bismarck made an Empire." What that great statesman wished to do was to restore the old German Empire and put Prussia at its head. This he had long worked for; now the time had come to finish his task. North Germany was united with Prussia; he got the South German states to enter into the same union, and to form an empire with King William at its head.

His great work was finished at Versailles, the royal city of France, on the 18th of January, 1871. It was done with the utmost splendor and show, and when the crown of the empire was put on the head of the new emperor, William I. of Germany, there was such a shout as had seldom been heard there before, and the whole great assembly sang the national hymns of Germany. Since then the country of the Germans has been divided into the German Empire and the Austrian Empire, and the emperor of Germany has been one of the leading monarchs of Europe. To Count Bismarck he owes his power and his fame.

**William I.
of Germany**

The war ended on the 10th of May, 1871, on which day a treaty of peace was made. France had to pay a high price for Louis Napoleon's short war, for Germany took as her own the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and made her pay a war tax of \$1,000,000,000. The French people had made the greatest mistake in their history when they voted for Louis Napoleon as emperor, unless it was that in which they made his warlike uncle the leader of their armies. The nation would certainly have been far better off if it had never seen a Napoleon.

Treaty of Peace I have not told you the whole story of the war. France soon had a new enemy to fight. Paris had been stirred up to its dregs by the siege, and a terrible outbreak took place in that city, the lawless element of the people rebelling against the new government and fighting fiercely for control. It seemed like the great French Revolution brought back. The rioters seized the city, shot those who opposed them, set on fire or tore down some of the noblest buildings and monuments, and fought the troops of the republic like so many demons. They were at length put down, but the streets were filled with the dead and the river ran red with blood before peace and order were brought back to the famous old city of Paris, which had gone through the most terrible year in all its career. It was a year long to be remembered in the history of Europe.

CHAPTER XII

Bolivar the Liberator and Toussaint the Brave



IF we were to go around the world in search of great men we would hardly think of stopping in South America. Somehow Spain and her colonies have not been good soil to grow great men in. It was not always this way. A few centuries ago Spain was a nursery for great men. I could name a dozen of them. But of late times Spain has been going down hill while other nations have been going up, and in the nineteenth century it has not had a man whom anybody would think of calling great. In the colonies of Spain there has been only one such man, the famous General Bolivar, whose story I am going to give you.

English and
Spanish Colonies

I have told you already what brought about the American Revolution, but I may say again that it was the unjust way in which the colonies were treated by George III., the English king. This taught England a lesson, and she quit treating her colonies in that way. She went to school, we may say, to the American people.

But it did not teach Spain any lesson. That country was too proud to go to school to her colonies. She went on acting the tyrant to her people in America, and the time came when they got tired of it. They had seen how the people of the United States won their freedom, and they made up their minds to try and do the same thing. Thus the American

Revolution was a kind of object lesson to the people of Spanish America. Not long after the nineteenth century came in, war broke out in all the Spanish colonies, from Mexico in the north to Chili in the south. And they kept fighting till they all became free. I cannot tell you about all these cruel wars, so I shall speak only of Bolivar, the famous man whom the people of South America called the Liberator.

Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a country in the northern part of South America. He was not brought up to love Spain, and he was born with a great liking for war and adventure. So, when his native country broke out in rebellion, he was quick to join the rebels, and in a short time they made him one of their leaders. For two or three years he fought for them, fought so hard and well that the people called him their Liberator. But they were too soon, for they were not liberated yet. Spain put down the rebellion, and in 1813 Bolivar had to flee for his life to the English island of Jamaica.

You may know how brave and able a soldier Bolivar was when I tell you that the Spaniards were more afraid of him than of all of the rest of the people. They thought that nothing was safe while Simon Bolivar was alive. If they could get rid of him there was not another man in South America whom they cared about. They set out to get rid of this dangerous man in a true Spanish fashion.

A spy was sent to Jamaica to seek for General Bolivar and to kill him in any way he could. He soon found him, —Bolivar did not hide himself. He watched him and followed him secretly till he knew all about the life and habits of the Liberator. Then he hired a negro to murder him, paying him well for the bloody work. The negro was told just what he was to do, and at midnight he crept up to Bolivar's

hammock and plunged his knife into the breast of the man who was sleeping there. By good luck, Bolivar was not sleeping there that night, and it was his unfortunate secretary who was murdered.

After that Bolivar took better care of himself. Three years after he had left Venezuela he was back there again, with money and muskets, and he soon had another army in the field. He fought on for three more years. Now his men were defeated and had to flee for their lives ; now they were victorious and the Spaniards had to flee ; at last, in 1819, they won a victory that brought freedom to the country.

Never was there a more cruel war. The Spanish soldiers and officers acted like brutal savages. Their prisoners and the people of the country were tortured and murdered in horrible ways. One writer tells us that he saw **Spanish Cruelty** more than seven thousand of their skulls dried and heaped together. Every person who could read and write was put to death. The Spaniards thought they could end the revolution by killing all the educated.

I shall say nothing more about those horrors ; some of them are too terrible even to mention. It is better to tell how Bolivar won freedom for his country. After the war had gone on for three years, and neither side was much the better off, a bright idea came to General Bolivar. This was to cross the Andes Mountains and drive the Spaniards out of New Grenada. If he could win that country, it would give him a great advantage. He wanted to take the Spaniards by surprise, but he had a terrible journey before him. It was worse than Napoleon's crossing the Alps. First, the army had to march over an immense plain which was covered with water at that time of the year, and was crossed by seven deep rivers, which the soldiers had to swim. And all their baggage and war supplies had to be taken over this difficult country.

This was bad enough, but it was not the worst. After the plain came the mountains, and, bad as the Alps may be, the Andes are worse. The soldiers had to toil up steep defiles, and narrow ravines down which ran brawling mountain torrents. The rains fell steadily and cataracts came tumbling over every height. Often the roads ran along the edges of precipices, where a false step would fling the unlucky traveler down hundreds or thousands of feet. After four days they were forced to give up their horses and go on foot, as the animals could proceed no farther.

The torrents had to be crossed on narrow bridges made of tree trunks, or even by means of ropes tied to trees on both sides of the stream. Some of them could be forded, but a slip of the foot meant death. When they got higher there

Crossing the Andes was less water, but the air grew chilly, and they found themselves amid huge rocks whose crevices were filled with deep snow. The men, who were used to warm winds, shivered with the cold. More than a hundred of them froze to death, and what was worse for the army their food gave out and starvation threatened them. They had brought some cattle thus far, but here they had to leave them.

But nothing could stop Bolivar. He crossed the terrible mountains, reached the upland province, took the Spaniards by surprise, and defeated them wherever he met them. Horses were collected, many of the men left behind came up, the people of the country joined him, and soon he was strong enough to fight the whole Spanish army in the field. He met the enemy in August, 1819, at a place called Boyaca, deceived them by an ambush, and defeated them so completely that all of the soldiers who were not killed were taken prisoners. The general and nearly all the officers were taken. And how many men do you think the patriot army lost in

this victory? Only 13 killed and 53 wounded! It was like General Jackson's victory at New Orleans.

Two years afterwards, in 1821, General Bolivar won another great victory, the Spaniards losing more than 6000 men. That ended the struggle. The Spaniards left the country, and a republic was formed like that of the United States, with Bolivar for president.

While this was going on the other Spanish colonies in America were fighting for their liberty. In Chili an important victory was won at Maypu in 1817, and that country gained its freedom. One after another all the colonies in South America broke into rebellion, and Central America and Mexico joined in the struggle. They all won their liberty, and by 1825 Spain had not a colony left in America except the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. She lost these, too, before the end of the century. The fault was her own. Bad government, cruelty, and oppression drove the people into rebellion, and of Spain's great empire hardly anything was left but Spain itself.

**Other Colonies
Win Freedom**

What else shall I say of General Bolivar? After he had won liberty for Venezuela and New Grenada, he marched into Peru and drove the Spaniards from that country also. For this he was made Dictator of Peru. In 1825 he formed a new state, which the people called Bolivia, after his name, and made him its president for life. He died five years afterwards, the greatest man in South America.

Before I end this chapter I must tell you about another liberator, the more so that he was a black man, a pure-blooded African, come of a race in which we do not look for great generals. He was born in the island of Hayti, a slave and the son of a slave, although he was the descendant of an African prince. His name was Toussaint L'Overture. Slave as he was, he had learned how to read and write, and he was so

intelligent and trusty that his master put him in charge of his sugar-house. But the peaceful times in Hayti came to an end in 1791. That island belonged to France, and France was then in its great revolution, murdering its noblemen, so the slaves in Hayti broke out in rebellion also and murdered many of their masters. But Toussaint saved the lives of his master and family and helped them to escape from the island. Then he joined the army of blacks that was fighting for liberty.

The rebels said they were fighting for Louis XVI., who was in prison in France. They were obliged to fight against their old masters, many of whom came back to the island to win their lost estates, and also against the English and Spaniards, who came to help them. *A Noble Negro* Toussaint soon showed himself the ablest man among the negroes and was made the chief general of their army. His people grew to love him deeply, and he showed himself a very able general.

In 1794 the French declared that all their slaves should be free, and a French general was sent to Hayti to drive out the English and Spanish. Toussaint helped them with his troops, and was made commander-in-chief by the French commissioner in 1796. In 1799 Napoleon Bonaparte gave him the same title.

Toussaint was now at the height of his power. All classes and colors of the people looked on him as a noble and generous ruler. He governed them with kindness and humanity and brought back good order and prosperous times to the country. Then he made a constitution for his country, and the grateful people elected him president for life.

Poor man! he had the Corsican usurper to deal with. He sent Napoleon a copy of his constitution. He thought he could trust a man who, like himself, had gained power through courage, but he made a sad mistake.

"He is a slave and rebel," said Napoleon. "We must punish him; the honor of France demands it. All these negroes are slaves, and slaves they shall remain."

Napoleon was to find that it is not easy to enslave a people who have once enjoyed the blessing of freedom. In 1801 he sent an army of 35,000 men to Hayti to put down Toussaint and his republic. Toussaint went back to the mountains, fought the French bravely, and killed thousands of them. Their general could not defeat him and had to treat with him and offer liberty to him and his people. Toussaint agreed and peace was made.

Napoleon and
Toussaint

He did not know Napoleon. The next year he was taken prisoner by treachery, carried to France, and put in the dungeon of a castle. Here he died in 1803; some say that he was starved to death. Napoleon has been called a murderer because he arrested a French prince in Germany, brought him to France and had him shot. I think he was as base a murderer in his treatment of this great and noble negro. And it was a murder that brought him no good. Hayti kept its freedom, and it is a free country to-day. But when we talk of the men who won freedom for America we must not forget the negro liberator, Toussaint L'Overture.

CHAPTER XIII

The Development of the United States



YOU have taken a long journey now over the old world, and been introduced to a number of interesting people who had much to do with the history of that part of the earth during the past century. Among these were Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington, Gladstone, Garibaldi and Bismarck, and others I might name. Likely enough now, before you hear anything more about the old world, you would like to go to America and see what was going on in that country while all these events were taking place in Europe.

Of course, I do not forget that we made a railroad journey through the United States in the beginning of our work. But that was done at express speed; we traveled in a sort of lightning train; now it seems well to make a slower journey and get a better idea of the history of the western world.

I do not imagine that the thought ever came to you that the nineteenth century history of the United States divides itself into two great sections; but such is the case. The first of these sections began with the adoption of the grand Constitution of the American republic, that foundation stone of its laws and government which was laid just before the opening of the century. It ended in 1861, when Abraham Lincoln became President and the great Civil War commenced. The second section began with this war and ended at the close of the century, when the far-off Philippine Islands were added to the United

History in
Sections

States and it began to take part in the politics of the world. This was the first step in a third section of American history, which will be developed in the twentieth century. In this chapter we shall speak only of the first section, during which the early development of the great republic was going on.

At the opening of this period the United States was not much of a country. In the year 1800 its population was only 5,300,000, about equal to that of Canada to-day, and there were in the whole country only six cities of more than 8,000 inhabitants. The largest of these was Philadelphia, which had about 50,000 people. It was looked on as a great city at that time; but it would look small to-day, when there are in that land three cities with more than a million inhabitants each. The country was a pretty big one even then, but the most of it was forest land, where nobody but Indians lived; and in the wild west the people were spread out very thin indeed.

**The United
States in 1800**

If you had gone from end to end of the land at that time you would not have seen a railroad or a steamboat, but only sailboats on the streams and lumbering farm teams and emigrant wagons on the roads, with a rattling stage-coach here and there. Instead of the great mills and factories which are now to be seen everywhere, you would have seen only a few little workshops, and in many of the houses you would have heard the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the rattle of the loom, with which the women of the house made homespun cloth for themselves and their families. Just think of that! Why, to-day we look on a spinning-wheel as we might on something that came out of Noah's ark, and wonder what good it ever did.

What I want to fix in your minds is the fact that in 1800 that country was in its infancy. It was only beginning the great growth which it has made since. Now it is fast becom-

ing full grown, with its nearly 80,000,000 people and its wonderful industries and great wealth. What it will become in another century it is not easy to guess.

As I have already told you, it was not long after 1800 that its great growth in territory began. In 1803 it bought Louisiana from France, and at one great jump the country more than doubled its size. The people did not well know what they had bought. Hardly a white man had ever set foot on that western land. It was the land of the Indian and the buffalo, of broad plains and lofty mountains; and when the daring travelers, Lewis and Clark, set out to explore it, it took them two years to travel over this great new region. After they told what they had seen nobody was sorry that the country had spread so far west. What was paid for it then would not buy some of its smaller cities to-day.

That was only the beginning. Before the great Civil War the republic had had a still more wonderful growth. It bought Florida in 1819. Texas was added to it in 1845. In 1846 it got the great Oregon country, which now is divided into three large states. And in 1848 a vast territory was added to the United States, known as California and New Mexico, but much larger than what we now know by these names. This came as the result of the war with Mexico.

You may see that in less than fifty years the country had spread out as if by magic. In 1800 it reached only to the Mississippi River; in 1850 it stretched out to the Pacific Ocean. In 1800 it had no water boundary on the south; in 1850 it reached to the Gulf of Mexico, and farther west it took in a great part of old Mexico. It began in 1800 with about 827,000 square miles; in 1850 it possessed more than 3,000,000 square miles. That was a pretty big jump, was it not, for half a century?

I can tell you, though, that it took a long time to settle that country. It was like a boy with a large cake and a small appetite. Give him time enough and he will eat all his cake, but he cannot swallow it all at once. That is the way it was with the Americans. They have been nibbling at their cake ever since, and it is not all eaten yet. For out west there are great sections of land on which no one lives. That is because they are rainless deserts, and nobody can live there until water is brought to them in some way. And there are other sections that could feed five times as many people as live on them.

There were two things that went on in the time I am speaking of—there was fighting and there was working. These are two things that have gone on in all countries, and the fighting is nearly always a bad thing, for it stops the working and destroys much of what the work has produced. But sometimes it is a good thing, for it destroys a bad state of affairs and brings about a better state. There is not often anything so bad but that it may have some good in it.

**Fighting and
Working**

For three years, from 1812 to 1815, the United States was at war with England. This was a war of pride. England had insulted the Americans by taking sailors from their ships, and they wanted satisfaction. They did not get much; neither country got much satisfaction from that war, which did a great deal of harm and very little good. What satisfaction there was came to the United States, for it showed England that it could whip her on the sea, and after that she let its ships and sailors alone.

In 1846 it went to war with Mexico. That war there was no need of, and it would not have come on if both sides had not been a little too anxious to fight. Instead of negotiating and arbitrating, as very likely would be done to-day, they got into a quarrel about which nation owned the land

between two rivers ; both of them sent soldiers there, and as soon as the soldiers came together they began to fight. It is easy enough to have a war, you see, if both parties want it. But often one of the parties makes a mistake. I have told you how Louis Napoleon made a mistake in 1870. Mexico made a great mistake in 1846, for it was not half strong enough to fight the United States.

What is more, Mexico had no good generals, and the United States had some excellent ones. General Jackson, who had won the battle of New Orleans, died the year before this war began, but there were General Scott and General Taylor, both of whom had shown themselves very good soldiers. So it turned out that in all the war the Mexicans did not gain a single victory, and they were beaten in battles where they had the most men and the best ground.

**War with
Mexico**

The greatest victory was won by General Taylor at a place called Buena Vista. He had only 5000 men, and Santa Anna, the Mexican general, had 20,000. But Taylor's men were in a mountain pass which was hard to take, and they fought so well that they drove away Santa Anna and his large army.

General Taylor was not a man to put on airs. He did not care for a fine uniform, and often wore a rusty old suit and a straw hat. The soldiers called him old "Rough and Ready." He knew how to fight, and that was what he was best suited for. After the war the people thought so much of him that they elected him President of the United States. This was a great mistake. He was not made to be a statesman, and he was worried so much by the politicians that he died before his time was half over.

General Scott took his army by water down to the Mexican port of Vera Cruz. Here he landed and marched across

the country, defeating the Mexicans wherever he met them, though they often had strong forts and many more men than he. They did not make a good fight. In fact they made a very poor one. They were driven back, step by step, to their capital city of Mexico, and into this General Scott marched with his army. Then the Mexicans gave it up and asked for peace.

I have already told you that the United States got California and New Mexico from this war. The troops held them at the end of the war, and the government bought them from Mexico as later on it bought the Philippine Islands from Spain. What was paid for them amounted to about \$18,000,000. A few years afterwards, when gold was being dug in vast quantities in California, it would not have sold them back for a hundred times that sum.

**Price Paid for
California**

Besides these two large wars there were a number of small wars with the Indians. Those I shall not say anything about here. They all ended one way, the Indians were defeated and made to give up part of their lands. Step by step they were crowded back into the country which the white people did not yet want; when they came to want it the Indians had to give way again. In this way it has always gone on. But I shall say no more about the Indians here, as I intend to tell you about them in the next chapter.

Now that so much has been said about the triumphs of war, let us turn for a time to the triumphs of peace. After the war of 1812 the United States was not in a very good state. It had spent more than \$80,000,000 and had nothing to show for it. That would not be thought much of nowadays, but it was a good deal for a poor country. All the gold and silver had disappeared and there was only paper money in use—and not a very good kind of paper money either, not

nearly so safe as that we use to-day. The trade of the country was ruined. Manufactures had sprung up during the war, but after it British ships filled the country with cheap goods, so that many of the manufacturers had to stop operations.

If you know much about the American spirit you will know that the people were not of the kind to let that state of affairs last. They went to work with a will and soon there was a new story to tell. Ships were built and launched and began to carry American products across the seas. And a tariff law was passed by Congress which put a high tax on foreign goods and raised their price, so that the factories of the country were soon at work again and many new ones were being built. Before the century was very old everything was booming and the people were fast growing rich.

Everything Booming

This was the time that steamboats were being put on the rivers and steamships on the oceans, so that travel and the carriage of goods greatly increased. Good, solid highways were built in place of the old dirt roads, and canals were dug, the greatest of these being the Erie Canal in New York. Soon after came a greater thing still, the railroad. The locomotive had been invented in England and brought to the United States, where the people laid rails across the land so rapidly that in time they had thousands of miles of this kind of road. Thus travel grew greater than it had ever been, and corn and wheat and goods of all kinds were carried faster and cheaper than had been dreamed of by any one in past times.

Never did a country grow more rapidly. People crossed the ocean so fast that in 1850 there were in the great republic more than 23,000,000 inhabitants, all intelligent and active workers. Into the land they pushed, mile after mile, league after league. The forests were cut down and new farms planted, until the Americans were able to feed, not only

themselves, but much of the old world. In the South cotton was grown over an immense region and England was supplied with all it wanted for its busy looms. But the United States no longer depended on England and Europe for goods. The rattle of machinery could be heard in all parts of the country. Every kind of goods was made there, the most wonderful machines were invented, and no other country in the world went ahead half so fast.

Is not this a good deal to say for that young nation? I am not boasting. What I have told you is the truth. And it is not all the truth, for there were riches of nature which were still greater than the riches of art and industry. Never was there a country with more wonderful stores of natural wealth for the use of mankind.

Mineral Wealth

Iron could be had in whole mountains, for there is a mountain in Missouri which is made up of iron ore. Pennsylvania was found to be full of this metal and of coal, and these valuable products were found in many other places, the beds of coal and iron surpassing any other country in the world. Then there were rich mines of copper and lead and other metals, and in time it was found that the United States was one of the richest countries in the world in gold and silver. Later on great wells of petroleum, or rock oil, were opened, and it was able to light up the world.

Even this is not all its wealth. There was the timber of its mighty forests, and its rivers and oceans were found to be full of valuable fishes, so that in every way that country had a rich supply of nature's wealth, and it went ahead faster than any other country in the world.

I cannot tell you all that was done from the time of the signing of the Constitution to the beginning of the great Civil War, but from what I have said you can see how fast the Western republic has grown.

CHAPTER XIV

The Indians and the Negroes



DO you ever think of the great variety of people in the country we all live in? There are English, Irish and Scotch, French, Dutch and Germans, Swedes, Italians and Turks, and men and women of various other nations. And that is not all ; there are white men, black men, red men, and yellow men. The white men are the Europeans, the yellow men the Chinese, the black men the Negroes, and the red men the Indians.

I do not need to tell you how these races of people differ. You see the black men everywhere among us, quietly at work, good-natured and peaceful. The red men are very different. They are fierce and savage, and like better to fight than to work. When the white men first came here they found these red-faced people, whom they called Indians, hunting in the woods, fishing in the streams, and fighting with one another in woods and on streams alike.

**The Indians or
Red Men**

I cannot tell you the whole history of the Indians. All I can say is that they have been fighting with the whites ever since the first white men came to this country. You need not wonder at this, for the newcomers treated the old owners of the land very badly. The Indians were quiet and peaceful under William Penn and all those who paid them for their lands. But they fought like tigers with the people of New England and all who robbed them of their homes.



PATRICK HENRY



HENRY CLAY



DANIEL WEBSTER



HENRY WARD BEECHER



JOHN B. GOUGH



HENRY W. GRADY



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW



WENDELL PHILLIPS



EDWARD EVERETT

GREAT AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

JAMES R. LOWELL

OLIVER W. HOLMES

H.W. LONGFELLOW

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

JOHN G. WHITTIER

SIX GREAT AMERICAN POETS

But what could these poor ignorant savages do against the white men with their rifles and cannon? They were pushed back to the west until they were nearly all driven over the Mississippi River. And they did not get much rest there.

There were many great warriors among the Indians. There was the brave Tecumseh, who thought he could drive all the white men from the country. There was the bold Osceola, who fought like a lion for his home in Florida. There was Black Hawk, the daring chief of the west. There were dozens of others, but one after another they were all killed or captured, and the white men kept pushing deeper and deeper into their country.

What do you think of all this? Does it seem to you that the American people ought to be proud of their dealings with the Indians? Ought they not to be very much ashamed? Why, I have not told you the half of it; they not only fought with and killed them, but they robbed and cheated them in a hundred ways. The Indians were ignorant and simple-minded and could easily be deceived. **Cheating the Indians** The whites were shrewd and cunning, and played all sorts of dishonest tricks on the old owners of the soil. They wanted the rich lands of the red men, and when they could not get them by fair means they got them by foul. If I were to tell you fully how the red men were treated I know you would feel that the whites were very much to blame.

Down in Georgia there was a great body of peaceful Indians tilling the soil and not interfering with the whites. But there were men who wanted their fertile lands and tried to get them by a dishonest trick. In the end the poor savages had to give up their native land, and were made to go to new lands beyond the Mississippi. A large number of them died on the way, some of them, very likely, from sorrow and grief, for they loved their homes as dearly as we loved ours.

The same thing took place in Florida. The settlers there wanted the Indians removed so that they could have their lands. But the red men would not give up their homes and fought for them as bravely as our forefathers fought against the British. The war lasted about as long as the Revolution, but the white men proved too strong, and most of the Indians were taken and sent away to the west. But some of them stayed, hiding in the great Florida swamps, and their children live there to-day.

When the nineteenth century came in, the United States did not extend west of the Mississippi River. But soon afterwards the western country was bought from France and explored by Lewis and Clark, and then our people began to cross the great river and make their way into the wide wilderness beyond. Here they found new tribes of Indians—the

Extension and its Difficulties great tribes of the Sioux, the Comanches of Texas, the fierce Cheyennes, and many others.

Soon the old story began again. The rough pioneers pressed upon the Indians and maltreated them in a hundred mean ways, and the agents sent out by the government to take care of them robbed and starved them. When the Indians grew angry and killed some of their oppressors, soldiers were sent to settle the difficulty by shooting them down. This went on for many years, until the red men lost nearly all their lands in the west, as they had lost their lands in the east. Most of them were sent to the Indian Territory, where the Indians of Georgia and Florida were then living. Others were given new lands elsewhere, where they were looked after by the government, and in time all the fighting and killing came to an end.

I have told you about how the Indians were treated. It was very shabby and mean, was it not? But you should not blame the government very severely for it. It was the fron-

tiersmen and the political agents and the gold hunters and cunning and dishonest men of all kinds that made the trouble. And the red men added to the difficulty. Instead of asking for their rights, they tried to get them by shooting and burning their enemies. I suppose it could not be helped. Human nature is the same everywhere. When savage and civilized men come together things are sure to go wrong, and there are always injustice and violence. All I can say here is that the wrong-doing with the Indians seems now at an end; many of them are settled and civilized, and all of them are likely to be so before many years.

Now let us turn from the red to the black men, and see what is to be said about them. They did not belong to this country like the red men. And they did not come here to make new homes for themselves like the white men. They were stolen away from their homes in Africa and brought here against their wills, and treated so badly that many of them died on the way and were thrown overboard into the sea. Those who lived to reach this country were sold as slaves. That is, they did not own themselves as you do, but were owned by others. They could not do as they wished, or go where they pleased, but had to do as they were told. The only way they could go from one plantation to another was to be sold to a new master. I am afraid you cannot quite appreciate this. There are no slaves in this country to-day, and have been none since you were born. But in the days of your fathers and grandfathers there were millions of them, men with black faces and strong hands, who had to work where they were told and could be cruelly whipped if they refused to obey their master's word. In those times most of our people thought this was right. Nowadays nobody thinks it right, and no civilized country keeps men in slavery.

**What Slavery
Means**

If you think slavery was wrong, you think as many did in the first half of the century. And this belief gave rise to great events. The most important part of our history in the nineteenth century came from the belief that slavery was an unjust and cruel institution, for it led to a great and terrible war that almost broke our country into two. I must tell you how this war came about.

The people who did not believe in slavery were not the kind of men who keep their thoughts to themselves. They talked about it, and lectured about it, and printed newspapers about it, and kept on talking and printing until a great many more took up the same belief. Then they formed abolition societies and anti-slavery societies, and sent men to Congress, and the same kind of talk was soon heard in the House and the Senate of the United States.

In time Congress was divided into two parties, a slavery and an anti-slavery party. Both sides were strong in their opinions and there were many disputes and some hard fights on the floors of the Capitol at Washington. Violent speeches were made by both parties, and some of the members did not keep to words. One passionate man from South Carolina attacked Senator Sumner for making a speech he did not like, and beat him over the head with a cane until he was half dead. Others fought duels and tried to kill one another. It is always that way when men's passions are worked up; they cannot keep themselves to words.

**Quarrels in
Congress**

While this was going on a remarkable book was written by a woman named Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it told the story of a slave in a way that made millions of people read it, and changed thousands of them into abolitionists. Some of you may have read this book or seen its story played on the stage. If not, and

if you wish to know what slavery was like, I should advise you to buy and read it, for it tells a very thrilling story of life among the slaves.

Some of the abolitionists wanted slavery done away with altogether. Others wanted it kept where it was, and tried to prevent it from spreading to new states. But the owners of slaves said they had the right to take them where they pleased, and that there ought to be as many slave states as free states. This led to a fierce fight with words in the hall of Congress, and in time to a fight with firearms elsewhere.

One of the western territories, named Kansas, was nearly ready to be made into a state, and both parties tried to get possession of it. Emigrants hurried there from the North with their wagons and plows and began to build towns and lay out farms. Slave owners came from Missouri with their slaves. Each side tried to capture the new state, and soon fighting began; rifles were fired and men were killed. The town of Lawrence, settled by the abolitionists, was attacked and plundered. Then a party of abolitionists, led by an old man named John Brown, attacked the slave holders and killed several of them. Afterwards he led his men into Missouri, destroyed much property, and set free a number of slaves. All this made great excitement in the country.

**The Bleeding
Kansas**

I have not told you the whole story of John Brown. The old man thought so much about the wrongs of the slaves that he became half insane on that subject. He thought that if Congress would do nothing for them they ought to fight for their own freedom, and that all they wanted was somebody to show them the way. And he made up his mind that he was the man chosen to lead them to freedom. He talked it over with his neighbors until he got about twenty men to think the same way, then he set out to put his wild plan into effect.

John Brown must have been a good talker to be able to get any men to follow him on that wild scheme. One night, in October, 1859, he appeared with some men at Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac River. Here there was a United States arsenal, and near by were many slaves, whom he expected to arm out of the arsenal and lead against their masters. He thought he would soon have an army of blacks to follow him.

John Brown was a brave man, but he was not a wise one, and did not understand very well the spirit of the blacks. He seized the arsenal and called upon the slaves to rise and fight for freedom. If they had been Indians he might soon have raised an army, but the blacks are quiet and peaceful, and most of them were satisfied with their masters, so not one of them came. What did come was a party of soldiers, who soon took the arsenal and had Brown and most of his men prisoners. John Brown was hanged, with six of his men, and that was the end of his wild attempt to make the slaves rise against their masters.

All he did was to make the bitter feeling between North and South stronger than ever; but in the war that followed many of the soldiers marched to battle with a song to the memory of old John Brown :

“ John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground ;
His soul is marching on.”

**John Brown's
Story**

CHAPTER XV

Abraham Lincoln and the Freedom of the Slave



WISH to tell you something now about a poor little boy who was born nearly a hundred years ago in the backwoods of Kentucky. He lived in a mean little log house whose furniture was chopped out of the trees with the axe, and when he went to his bed of leaves in the loft he had to climb up a row of wooden pins driven into the logs. He had rough clothes to wear and poor food to eat, and had to work very hard, but for all that he was a happy little chap, for he knew no better way of living, and he had a good kind mother who thought the world of him.

He did not have much chance to go to school, but he went long enough to learn how to read and write, and after that he taught himself. He would sit on the floor on winter nights and read and write by the light of the fire, for candles were not to be had. He had only a few books, but they were good ones, and he read them over and over till he knew the best things in them by heart. He had no paper nor pencils, and when he wanted to write or cipher he had to do it with charcoal on the back of the wooden fire-shovel. When it was full of words or figures he scraped them off and had a clean surface to work on again. I am afraid that many of you would not have become scholars under such conditions, but this little fellow was very ambitious and was determined to learn.

A Poor
Western Boy

The poor boy who had to study by the light of the kitchen fire, in time came to be a great man. His name was Abraham Lincoln. He worked with his father on the farm and in the woods, and nobody could swing an axe better than he. When he grew up he became big and strong, being more than six feet high, and no man in the country could beat him in cutting down trees and splitting them into rails.

But he did not intend to spend all his life in the woods. He kept on reading and studying, till he got to be the best scholar in the country around. He tried different things. He went on a flat-boat down the river to New Orleans; he became
Lincoln Studies
Law a clerk in a country store, and after a while he began to study law. He was quiet and good-natured, and did not care to fight, but once he was attacked by a bully named Jack Armstrong and whipped him so quickly that the fighters thought it best to let Abe Lincoln alone.

When Lincoln got older he kept a store of his own. But he paid more attention to his books than his customers, so he got into debt and the store broke up. Then he kept a post-office, and after that he learned how to survey land and spent some years at that. All this time he was studying law, for he had made up his mind to be a lawyer. All the people liked him, for he would help anybody he could, and he knew so many funny stories, and told them so well, that no one was better company than he.

Abe Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but his father soon moved to Indiana, and afterwards to Illinois. When he went there it had very few people, but they kept coming, and got thicker every year. Illinois became a State, with its governor and legislature, and in time young Lincoln's neighbors liked him so well and thought him such a scholar, that they elected him to the legislature to help make their laws. The State



BROWNING



WORDSWORTH



TENNYSON



SHELLEY



KEATS

THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND



GEORGE STEPHENSON



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

THE INVENTORS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

Stephenson's genius enabled men to travel 1000 miles in a day Morse's genius enabled men to send a message around the world in less than one hour.

Capitol was a hundred miles away, but he could not afford to ride, so he walked all that distance, with his pack on his back.

That was uphill work, was it not? Not many men have come up so soon from a backwoods hut to a statehouse. But it shows what men can do when they have the brains and the push. It was intellect and energy which carried Abe Lincoln that far, and which were to carry him much farther. And with all this he was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived. Once, when he was riding to court in his best clothes, he saw a pig stuck fast in a mud-hole. He did not want to spoil his clothes, so he rode on. But he could not help thinking of poor piggy, and after he had gone two miles he turned back and lifted the poor animal out of the hole. The pig trotted away grunting his thanks, and Lincoln rode on looking as if he had been pulled out of a mud-hole himself.

**Lincoln's Kind-
heartedness**

Now I think I must quit talking about Abe Lincoln and talk about Abraham Lincoln. The rail-splitter had earned the right to have his full name. He was sent to the legislature for many years, and proved to be a good speech-maker, and just the man the people wanted. And he got to be a lawyer and quite likely a good one. He did not make much money, for he would not take pay from the poor, and would not take a case if he did not think it was a just one, but he managed to live. In the end, the people of his district elected him to Congress, and he became one of the law-makers for the whole country.

This was in 1846, when he was thirty-seven years old. While he was in Congress the war with Mexico went on, and there was talk about slaves and slavery. The people of the South wanted to take their slaves into the new states and territories that had been obtained from Mexico, but Lincoln

thought they had no right to do so, and he said so in his speeches. He did not want the country to interfere with slavery where it was, but he thought it had gone far enough and ought to be stopped from going farther. He had become a very good and sensible speaker, and people listened to him, and in time his name became known through all the country.

There were two parties in the North at that time, one that did not believe in slavery and one that did. Abraham Lincoln came to be one of the leaders in the first party. Another fine speaker in Illinois, named Stephen A. Douglas, was one of the leaders of the second party,—the one that believed in slavery. Douglas was in the Senate of the United

**The Leaders of
the Two Parties**

States, but when a new election came up Lincoln ran for the office, and there was a great contest in Illinois. These two men went from town to town, making speeches to great crowds of people, Douglas for slavery, Lincoln against it. There was splendid speech-making on both sides, and the people listened as if they had never heard any one speak before. But the party of Douglas was the strongest, and he was sent back to the Senate.

Though Lincoln did not get to the Senate, he did not waste his time. His speeches made him famous over the whole country. He had said so many strong things against slavery that the anti-slavery people looked on him as their best man, and when, in 1860, the time came to elect a new President, the rail-splitter of Illinois was the favorite of the Republican party.

That great debate between Lincoln and Douglas in Illinois had been read by millions of people, and when the nominations were made, Lincoln was drawn as the Republican candidate and Douglas as the Democratic one. Down South two other candidates were nominated, but when the election

came off Lincoln was found to have beaten them all. Out of the three hundred and three electoral votes he received one hundred and eighty, or more than one-half. Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter of Illinois, was elected President of the United States. From the log hut, with its furniture chopped out by the axe, he was sent to the splendid White House at Washington, to stand as the equal of the kings and emperors of Europe. You may see from that what brains and honesty can do in a country like America.

Poor Abraham Lincoln! he was great but he was not happy. For four years and more he was President, but they were years of trouble and anxiety, and he was killed by an assassin just when his troubles were over and peace and happiness about to begin. It is not always the best thing in the world to strive for greatness, if one wishes to enjoy life. High station brings its troubles, and greatness and happiness do not always go together. But for all that I expect every one of you would like to become President of the United States and take your chances of having a happy time.

*The Course of
the Civil War*

Why was not Lincoln happy, do you ask? He had good reason not to be. He had no sooner become President than war broke out between the South and the North, and it kept on almost as long as he lived. The leaders in the South, when they saw how strong the anti-slavery party was, became afraid that their slaves might be taken from them, and made up their mind to break up the Union of the States. And when the North said that the Union should be preserved, both sides took their arms and began to fight, and soon there was a terrible war.

You may be sure that it was not pleasant to be President in such a case as this. No end of mistakes were made and poor Lincoln was blamed by many for them all. And it hurt

his good heart to see so many of the people killed and wounded in battle. But he was so kind and patient, so wise and honest, that the people grew to love him and the soldiers fought all the better for thinking that they had so noble a man at their head. In the end almost every one began to think that we never had a greater or better President.

The question of slavery troubled Lincoln. He did not want to interfere with it, for he said that we were fighting for the Union, not for slavery. He did not do so till two years

**A Great
Declaration**

had passed, and he saw that slavery was helping the South in the war. Then he declared that the slaves should be free. That was a great declaration, equal in its way to our Declaration of Independence. For it set free with one stroke of the pen many more human beings than were set free by the Revolutionary War.

But it made the enemies of the President hate him more than ever, and after the war was over and peace had come back to the land, one of these men shot him dead as he sat in a box at the theatre, looking at a play on the stage. It was a cruel and dreadful deed, and one that did more harm than good to the South, for Abraham Lincoln was one of the best friends the South had. The President died for his country, and the people mourned him as if each of them had lost one of his own family. He died a martyr to the cause to which he had given so much of his life. But slavery was dead in the United States; the shot that killed Abraham Lincoln broke the last fetter of the slave.

CHAPTER XVI

The Great Civil War in America



HAVE any of you ever dropped a seed in the ground and then, to your surprise, found a troublesome plant growing up? That is much like what the people did who voted for Abraham Lincoln for President. The votes which they dropped into the ballot box were the seeds of trouble, and the plant which sprang from them was a dreadful war, one of the greatest wars of the century. If they had known what was to come I fancy many of them would have cut off their hands rather than drop that vote. But war often comes without giving warning, and to most of our people this war gave no warning at all. It came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky.

But though the storm seemed to come suddenly, it had been long gathering. The dispute about slavery had been growing worse for many years, and when the anti-slavery party became strong enough to elect a president, many of the people of the South thought the end had come. They believed that laws would be passed to rob them of their slaves or to injure them in other ways, and thought that if they wanted to save themselves now was the time to draw out of the Union and establish a nation of their own.

**The Southern
States Secede**

What they did was to hold conventions and pass resolutions to secede from the Union. Then they took possession of the property of the government in the South, and when Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor,

refused to give up the fort to them, they fired on it with cannon until it was a heap of ruins and the Major had to surrender.

What was the North doing all this time? Well, it was doing very little of anything. It was simply waiting and hoping. But when the Southerners fired on Fort Sumter there was a change. The stars and stripes had been fired on! The flag of the nation had been insulted! It must be avenged! That was the cry. All through the North the people were full of anger, and when President Lincoln called for troops he could have had half a million if he had asked for them.

**War Breaks
Out**

Peace was at an end. War had begun. Everywhere there was mustering of soldiers and marching of troops. Mothers wept over their sons as they set out for the field of battle, and the soldier boys had wet eyes, though they tried their best to look brave. Sweethearts kissed and bade good-bye, fearing they would never see one another again. And many of them never did, for the cruel hand of war laid many thousands of soldiers dead on the battlefield. North and South this went on, and it was not long before there were two large armies in the field, and the rattle of the musket and the roar of the cannon were heard, and men began to fall and die for the cause which they thought the right.

This is not a history of the United States, so I shall not tell you all that took place in this war. It was full of events—of battles and marches and sieges, fighting by land and fighting by sea, wild rides of cavalry and fierce rushes of infantry, and all that makes war terrible and grand. For four years it went on, from 1861 to 1865, and in that time there were hundreds of battles and skirmishes, and in many places the ground was thick with the graves of the heroes who had died for their cause.

Washington was the capital of the Union and Richmond the capital of the seceded states, or the "Confederate States of America," as they were called, and in Virginia, between these two cities, the hardest and bloodiest battles took place.

But there were many terrible battles in the West and the South, and soldiers kept gathering until there were more than a million men fighting in the field, and hundreds of thousands of mothers, sisters and wives were weeping for their loved ones at home.

Both sides won victories, but the North had the most money and men, and if you know anything about war you must know that it is generally money and men that win. The war went on for two years, and then, about the 4th of July, 1863, the North gained two very important victories. One of these was on the battle-field of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. Here for three days two great armies fought until there was hardly a foot of the ground without its pool of blood, and then, on July 4th, the army of the South marched away in defeat. Victory remained with the North. And on the same day the city of Vicksburg, in Mississippi, which had long been besieged, surrendered to General Grant, and twenty-seven thousand soldiers were made prisoners of war. That was a fatal 4th of July for the South. It fought on for two years more, but there was little hope for it after that day.

Gettysburg and
Vicksburg

There were many good soldiers and able officers in the war, but in time two of them came to the head—Ulysses S. Grant in the North and Robert E. Lee in the South, two of the ablest soldiers of the century. Lee was a brilliant fighter and won victories by daring and dash. Grant did not have so much dash, but he had more of the bulldog, and when he took hold he never let go. William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan were other famous generals of the North. Some

of you may have read the stirring poem of "Sheridan's Ride," or seen the picture of him on his great galloping horse, riding from Winchester to the battle-field. Joseph E. Johnston and Thomas J. Jackson were famous generals of the South. Likely enough you have heard the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. It was given him because he stood with his men on the battle-field like a wall of stone.

Now we must go on to the year 1864, when Grant was made Commander-in-chief of the armies of the North and came to Virginia to take charge there. General Lee opposed him at the head of the army of Virginia. After that there was

From the Wilderness to Petersburg no more dashing about and fighting battles here and there, with little to come from them except the killing of men. The bulldog had come and the hold-fast game began. Grant made a plan and stuck to it. Richmond was his goal and for Richmond he pushed. But he had a hard and desperate fighter to deal with, and for a whole year Lee held him back.

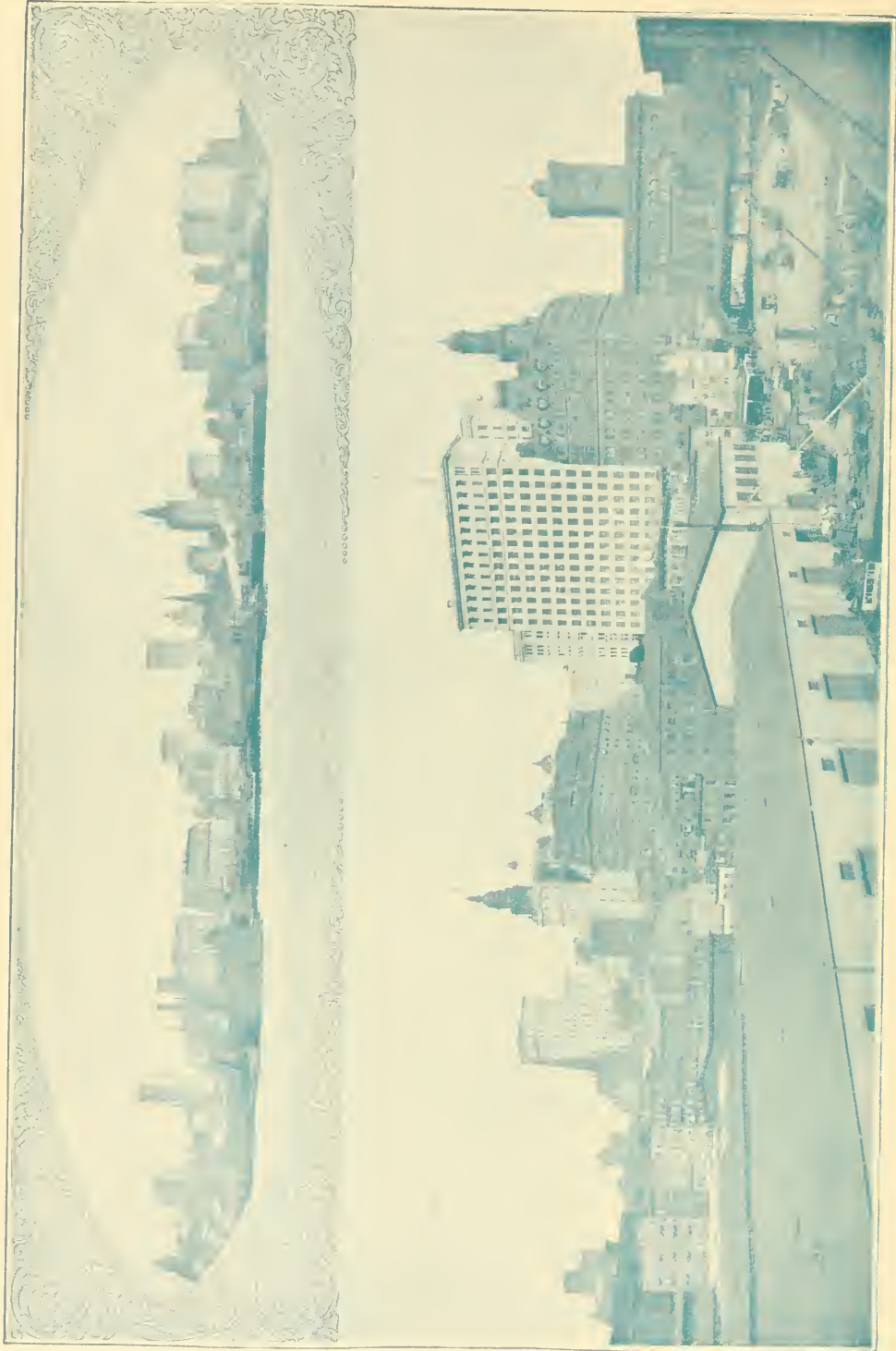
There were terrible battles, beginning in the wild country called the Wilderness, and keeping on down nearly to Richmond. Every step of the way was strewn with the dead. Grant then crossed the James River and tried to get to Richmond from the South, but Lee met him here, too, and both sides began to dig earthworks and mount cannon. After that the battles in the field for a long time stopped, and it became a game of the spade and the cannon-ball. This is known as the siege of Petersburg, for the earthworks were built before the town of that name.

That was the way the war went on in Virginia. In the South, it went in a different way. General Sherman was in command there, and in his way he was as brilliant as General Lee. South into Georgia he marched, now fighting a battle, now slipping around the enemy and pushing on. At length,



SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL GRANT AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, APRIL 9, 1865

The two generals met at the house of Major McLean, in the hamlet of Appomattox Courthouse, where Lee surrendered all that remained of the Confederate Army, which for nearly four years had beaten back every attempt to capture Richmond. Grant's terms, as usual, were generous. He did not ask for Lee's sword, and demanded only that he and his men should agree not again to bear arms against the Government of the United States.



GREATER NEW YORK

On January 1, 1898 Greater New York was created by the union of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City and Staten Island, into one municipality. The city now covers nearly 318 square miles, contains over three and one-half million inhabitants, and next to London, is the largest city in the world.

he reached the city of Atlanta, the arsenal of Georgia. This he got behind, and cut off its supplies, so that it had to surrender. In that wonderful march he fought ten battles and lost thirty thousand men.

General Hood, the Confederate commander at Atlanta, had to get out of that city in a hurry when Sherman cut off his food supply, and he marched off in haste to Tennessee, thinking he would serve Sherman in the same way, and force him to retreat by cutting his line of supplies. But Sherman was not that kind of man. He let Hood go. **Marching Through Georgia** General Thomas, one of the best officers of the North, was at Nashville, Tennessee, and could take care of him. Do you wish to know what Thomas did? He whipped Hood's army so completely that there was no army left; it was broken into a thousand pieces and never came together again.

Meanwhile Sherman was making the most brilliant march of the whole war. He cut loose from Atlanta, and marched onward into Georgia, without troubling himself about supplies. Georgia was a rich country, and he thought he could easily find enough there to feed his army. For a whole month he and his army were lost. No one in the North knew anything about them. They seemed swallowed up like Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea. Then, just before Christmas, they came to the coast at the city of Savannah, and sent the glad news North. They had marched in safety through the heart of the South.

You must see now that the war was near its end. The South had done its best but was too weak to do much more. From Savannah Sherman marched to North Carolina through the very centre of the seceded States. He may have been coming to Grant's help, but Grant did not need him, for in April, 1865, he got round the rear of Lee's earthworks and

Richmond lay open before him. Lee and his army could do no more. They marched in haste away, but Grant followed in greater haste still, and on April 9th General Lee was forced to surrender, with his army, to his great antagonist. The long and dreadful war was at an end.

It was a great war, the greatest of the century after the wars of Napoleon. What bad and what good came of it? Well, there was bad enough—bloodshed and ruin, and burning of towns, and tearing up of railroads, and sinking of ships, and all the terrors which war brings about. But there was good also, for some great questions were settled, and will not trouble us again.

We know that the question of slavery was the real cause of the war. But the immediate cause of it was the secession of the South and the firing on Fort Sumter. President Lincoln said he was fighting to save the Union not to help the slaves, and he took good care not to interfere with slavery until he saw that it was giving strength to the South. Then he wrote a declaration of the freedom of the slave, and when he signed his name to that great document he touched the true cause of the war. If the North succeeded the slaves would be free.

When we look back on the Civil War we see that two great good things came from it. It gave freedom to the slaves and strength to the Union. Every one says this now, North and South alike, for the South has learned that slavery did it more harm than good, and would not have it to-day at any price. And North and South alike are proud of the Union which the war made so strong, and which has enabled the United States to take its place as one of the greatest and most powerful nations of the world.

Slavery the
Cause of War

CHAPTER XVII

The Battle of the Ironclads and the Birth of the New Navy



BOOM! went the great guns. Crash! went the mighty balls. The waters spouted up as if a herd of whales were at play when the huge shells plunged into their depths. The most wonderful battle the great ocean had ever seen was going on in Hampton Roads, the lower part of Chesapeake Bay. Two queer-looking vessels, both of them covered with thick plates of iron, had come together, and were battering at one another at a terrible rate.

No such vessels had ever been seen before. One of them was like a great floating house with a sloping roof. And this roof was covered with thick bars of iron, out of which, on both sides, peeped the black muzzles of great guns. The other was twice as odd. Nearly all that could be seen of it was a long, flat, iron deck, rising only a foot or two out of the water. In the middle of this was a barrel-shaped affair of thick iron, twenty feet wide and nine feet high, with port holes for two mighty guns.

**A Pair of Odd
Vessels**

They who saw this queer craft called it a "cheese box on a raft," and that is very much what it looked like. But instead of cheese, it held men and cannon and powder and balls, and was a wonderful fighting machine, the strangest that any man had ever seen.

The first mentioned of these odd craft was named the "Merrimac." It was an old navy vessel, which the Confederates at Norfolk had roofed over and plated with iron bars. The other, called the "Monitor," had been built for the North at New York by a Swedish inventor named John Ericsson. And here they both were, ready to do battle for the North and the South. It was now the 8th of March, 1862.

On the previous day the "Merrimac" had come into Hampton Roads and found nothing there but a number of old-fashioned wooden war vessels, of the kind which had been used everywhere up to that time. One of these it sunk, and another was set on fire and blown up. The next morning it

**The First Battle
of Iron-clads**

came out to destroy the rest of them. But this was not so easy a job, for there lay the "Monitor," like little David waiting for big Goliath. And instead of flinging pebbles at the giant, it was ready to hurl great iron balls, eleven inches in diameter. This giant, you see, had an iron forehead, and it would take something heavier than a pebble to do him any harm.

And now began a terrible battle. The "Merrimac" had ten guns, but they were not nearly so large as the two of the "Monitor." The huge monster steamed up and fired all the guns on one side at the little craft. Likely enough the Confederate captain thought he would send the cheese box to the bottom, but it shook off his balls as if they had been fired from a pea-shooter. Most of them plunged into the water of the bay and did not touch the "Monitor" at all.

That was not the way with the balls of the "Monitor." She had a big mark to shoot at and could not easily miss. And her great iron globes, nearly a foot through, made the huge ship tremble and reel when they struck her sturdy sides. But none of them went through. The iron was too thick for that.

For three hours these two strange fighting machines hammered away at each other. At one time the "Merrimac" made a fierce rush at the "Monitor," like a mad bull rushing at a boy. The captain of the Goliath hoped to force the little David down to the bottom of the bay. The huge bow ran up on the low deck of the "Monitor" and drove it down deep under the waves. But the engines were reversed and the "Monitor" slid away backward and came up again, while the great antagonist swashed down heavily into the waters of the bay. And so it went on, hour after hour, until in the end the "Merrimac" left the fight and steamed away. The "Monitor" let her go. Both of them, I fancy, had all the fighting they wanted for that day. But the "Merrimac" had the worst of it and never came back again. They had both fought their first and their last battle; for soon after, when the Confederates left Norfolk, the "Merrimac" was blown up and sank, and the "Monitor" ended her career by going to the bottom of the ocean in a storm. Like two actors on the stage, they played their part and went out of sight behind the scenes.

**The Fate of
"Monitor" and
"Merrimac"**

Do you wish to know what part it was they had played? I can tell you it was a very important part; they were leading actors in the great drama of war. I have told you about Nelson, the English admiral, and his wonderful victories. Those were fought with wooden sailing ships, and with cannon that were like popguns beside those used to-day. Then came the time of steamships and larger guns. But they were wooden vessels still, like those which the "Merrimac" sent to the bottom in Hampton Roads. When the American Civil War broke out the time had come for stronger ships, so the iron-coated "Monitor" and "Merrimac" were built. And the battle about which you have just read was the first ever fought between ironclad ships.

You may be sure that this battle was a useful lesson for both the North and the South. Both sides began to build ships with iron overcoats. In the West the river steamers were covered with iron and ran past the strongest river forts. In the East new monitors were built. Down South the Confederates built strong ironclads. They had both learned their lesson and were making the most of it.

But you must not think that all the naval battles of the war were fought with ironclads. One of the greatest of them was fought with the old style ships. Just after the fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" a fleet of wooden vessels sailed into the Mississippi River and steamed up stream towards New Orleans. It was commanded by Commodore Farragut, as great a sailor and bold a fighter as England's famous Nelson. I can tell you he had a terrible task before him. The Confederates had built strong forts on both sides of the river, and they had stretched an iron chain from bank to bank to hold the ships until the forts could sink them. Then they had fire-rafts to float down on them, and two great ironclads, one of them a ram, which they expected would crack open the wooden vessels like so many egg-shells. But they did not have a Farragut, and that made all the difference.

There has not often been such a battle as that. The mortar boats, under Commander Porter, had their masts covered with green boughs until they looked like a piece out of the forest, and for hours they hurled their great shells into the forts two miles away. Day after day this was kept up, and night after night fire-rafts came blazing and roaring down the stream, seeking to burn the fleet. But they were caught and run ashore, and left to burn themselves out on the mud.

After a while the bold Farragut got tired of this. It was too slow for him. So one dark night he set out with his

wooden vessels up stream. The chain had been broken and the river was clear, but the forts and the ships were there, and he had the hottest kind of a fight. Through the darkness of the night flashed the guns of the forts, and the silence was broken by a terrible roar. The fleet replied with all its guns, pouring shot and shell into the forts. It seemed like the thunder and lightning of a frightful storm. And in the midst of it all down came a blazing fire-raft against the "Hartford," Farragut's flagship, which was in a moment in a blaze. By great good luck they got clear of the raft and put out the dangerous flames.

Then came down the great ram "Manassas" and half a dozen of gunboats with iron beaks, and along with them a huge iron-clad floating battery, the "Louisiana." It looked as if Farragut's fleet would be chopped into mince-meat, but things did not turn out that way. Before many minutes most of the gunboats were blazing, and the "Manassas" was run ashore in flames, and the battle was at an end. It had lasted only an hour and a half, but never had there been a fiercer fight for so short a time. On up stream went Farragut, and before the day was over New Orleans was his. As he went up the stream a fleet of steamers and ironclads came floating down, all in flames. That night's work made him an admiral.

**A Terrible
Night Battle**

This was not the only great victory won by Farragut. Two years afterwards he appeared in Mobile Bay with a fleet made up of wooden ships and monitors. He had now three forts to fight and a great ironclad ram, the "Tennessee." And the bottom of the bay was sown thick with torpedoes; one of which exploded under a monitor and tore such a hole in its bottom that it went down, with its crew, into the mud.

But Farragut was not the man to stop for rams or forts. He went into the battle tied fast to the rigging of his ship,

with the cannon-balls booming past. He wanted to see, and took the chance of being blown into atoms. A man like that cannot be beaten. The ram was captured, and the victory was his.

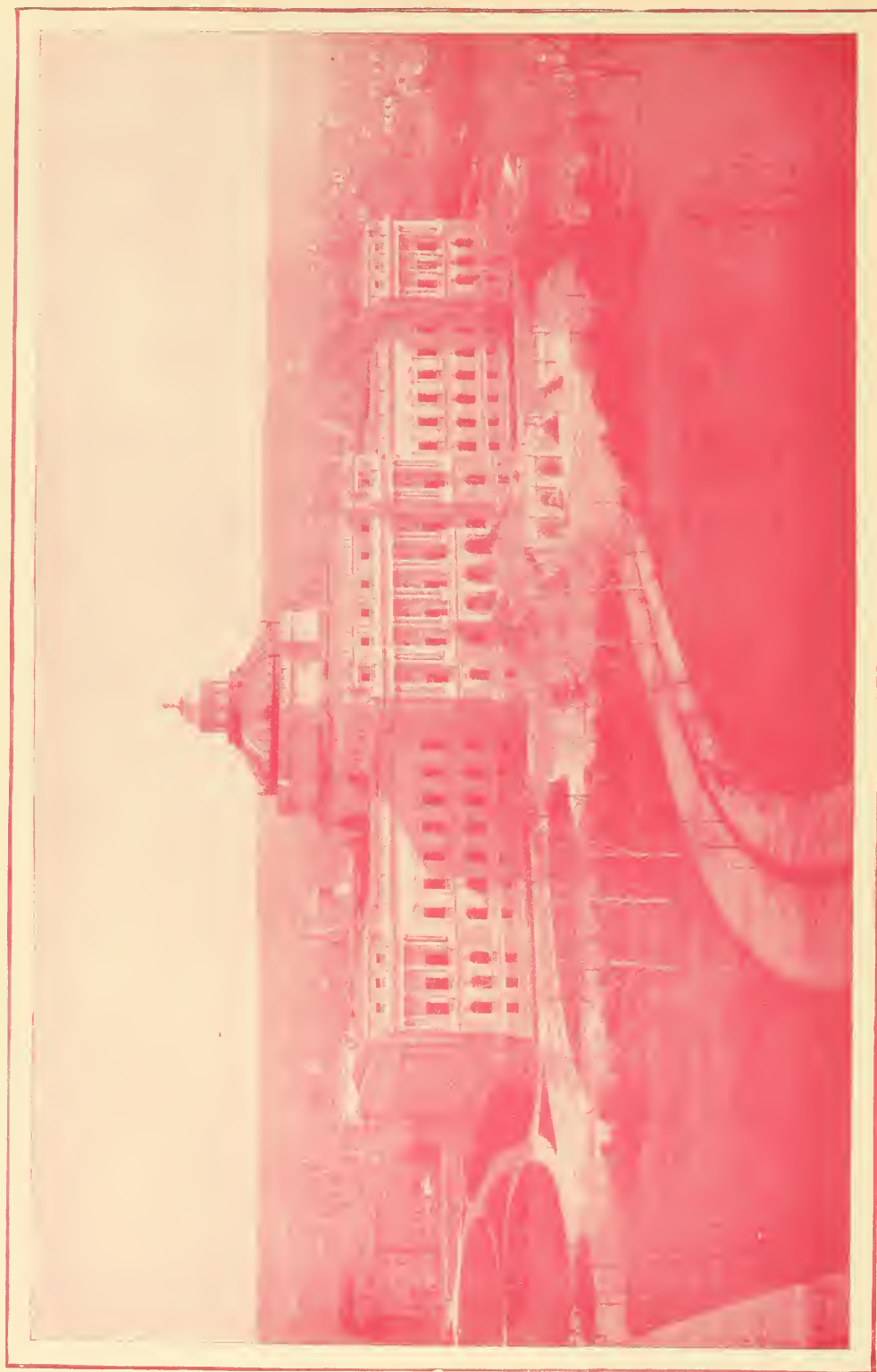
The Confederates, you may well think, did not have much luck with their ironclads. They spent a great deal of time and money on them, and got very little good in return. But they had one vessel which was more lucky. This was the privateer "Alabama," which sailed through all seas, and captured and burned more than sixty American merchant vessels. It was hunted east and west, but it was not met with until June, 1864, when the "Kearsarge" ship-of-war "Kearsarge" found it in a port of France. When the "Alabama" came out there was a fierce fight between the two ships, while thousands of people looked on from the French coast. In the end the "Alabama" went to the bottom and the "Kearsarge" won the victory. Ship-owners were glad enough, for that one vessel had destroyed more than ten million dollars' worth of ships and cargoes.

I might go on and on, telling you about battles on the coast and in the rivers of the United States, about daring runs past batteries and fierce bombardments of forts. But I have something else to speak of which seems more important just here, and this is that all the nations of the world learned a lesson from the sea-fights of the American war. For many centuries they had been fighting with wooden ships and little guns. Now they saw that the day of iron ships and great guns had come, and on all sides they began to throw their wooden ships aside and build new vessels covered with thick plates of iron or steel, and armed with great breech-loading guns, that thought nothing of hurling a heavy cannon-ball for seven or eight miles.



THE "OREGON," A TYPE OF THE MODERN BATTLESHIP

One of the most renowned ships of the American Navy is the mighty Battleship "Oregon." Her famous run from San Francisco around Cape Horn to take part in the Battle of Santiago has never been equalled by any battleship in the world's history. After she won fame in the destruction of Cervera's fleet she was ordered to Manila by Admiral Dewey "for political reasons," and remained there throughout the Philippine War.



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CHAPTER XVIII

How Japan and China Woke Out of Their Long Sleep



OW let us take a long journey, or a long jump, whichever you like best. You must know that there are two ways of traveling, by body and by mind. When the body travels it has to go by train, or by ship, or in some other slow way.

When the mind travels it can go by lightning express. It thinks nothing of making a jump over ten thousand miles. As we have a long ways to go in this chapter, and not much time to spare, we shall have to do it in the mind, and leave the body behind.

So far you have read only of things that took place in Europe and America. But these are not all the world. Outside of them lie the great continents of Asia and Africa, which are full of human beings. These are not wide-awake people like those of Europe and of our own country, but they are not fast asleep, and one of these far-off nations has wakened up wonderfully of late years. We shall certainly have to see what these distant folks were doing in the nineteenth century.

**The People of
the East**

Those of my youthful readers who live in any of our great cities must have seen certain odd-dressed yellow-faced persons walking about, or ironing clothes in shops with such signs as "Yong Wang," "Sam Ram," and the like. These are known as Chinese. They came from a country which has nearly 400,000,000 of such people—many more than any

other country in the world. Why, they are so numerous that many millions of them do not live on land at all, but in boats on the water. They seem to have been crowded off the shore.

That country is named China. It takes up much of the eastern part of Asia, and fronts on the Pacific Ocean. Out in the ocean, some hundreds of miles away from China, are a number of islands well filled with people. These islands are named Japan. If you will make a leap with me to those far-off countries, China and Japan, we will see what was going on there in the nineteenth century.

The people of China and Japan did not like white men. They were rather afraid of them, for they had seen something of their customs. "These people of Europe think they own the earth," they said. "If we let them inside our front door they will soon want the whole house. Our ways and our religion will not mix with their ways and their religion, so we had best keep to ourselves."

**Locked Doors in
China and Japan**

They locked their front doors and said to the whites who came to call upon them, "You cannot come in, we are not receiving visitors." In other words, they closed their ports against all foreign ships, and would not let any strangers enter their country.

The white people did not like this. They were not used to being shut out. They wanted to send their ships and goods to all parts of the world, and did not care to be turned away from the front doors of these two rich countries of the yellow folks. And as the century went on, and steamships took the place of sailing vessels, and guns grew larger, and they had more goods to sell, they began to knock louder at the doors of China and Japan.

It was the United States that first made Japan open her door. Her people were very stubborn, but they found the Americans more stubborn still. In 1854 Commodore Perry

sailed into the Bay of Yeddo with an American fleet. The Japanese were angry and worried when they saw these ships where no foreign ships had dared to come before. They tried to scare them off. Then they coaxed them to leave. But Perry was very determined, and they blustered and coaxed in vain. He had come there to make a treaty of commerce, he said, and he would not go away without it. The people of Japan did not know what was for their own good, and he had come to teach them.

I do not think he said just that, but he talked with them and gave them some fine presents and received some fine presents in return, and when he sailed away he had the treaty in his ship. Japan had opened its door a crack, and into this crack the nations began to push, and soon the door was opened its full width.

Civilization
Comes to Japan

That is, the other nations got treaties also, and ships loaded with foreign goods were quickly sailing into the ports of Japan.

That was the beginning of a remarkable event, a complete revolution in the island empire. Japan did not do things by halves. Not only the goods of Europe and America were let in, but the new ideas came in with them. The civilization of the West made its way with the most surprising rapidity into this old land. Books, industries, inventions, were all gladly received. Telegraph lines were built, railroads were laid, factories sprang up here and there, rifles and cannon were bought to arm their soldiers, great steel-clad warships were built and brought to Japan, and in a very few years the whole country was transformed. The island empire had been like a tree in March, an empty show of bare boughs; now it was like a tree in May, covered with leaves and blossoms and with splendid promise of fruit.

The revolution did not stop half way, the very government was overturned. For centuries the emperor of Japan

had been of no more account than a Christmas doll, and a general of the army, called the Tycoon, had ruled the country. Now the Mikado, the true emperor, came to the head again, and down to his proper place went the Tycoon. And that is not all. In 1889 the emperor gave up his absolute power and told the people they might have a Congress in which they could make their own laws. Every man over twenty-five was given the right to vote. That was the most wonderful thing of all. So far as I know it is the only time in all history that an absolute monarch gave up his autocratic power of his own free will and invited his people to make laws for themselves.

Never before, indeed, had any country made such a remarkable stride forward. Fifty years ago Japan was like Europe in the dark ages. Now it is one of the most active and wide-awake countries in the world, with its free government, its railroads, its telegraphs, its schools and universities, its powerful fleet and army, its rich commerce and all that makes a nation great; and to-day, when we talk of the leading nations of the world, we never forget to name Japan.

Now let us take a look at China, with its great country and its vast numbers of people. There we find a different story to tell. The Chinese were as obstinate as the Japanese and they were a great deal prouder. They were proud of their old ways, their old books, their old religion and government and laws, and thought that all the world had nothing half so good. The nations of Europe and America were mere children beside China, which had been an old nation ages before they were thought of. The idea of these young upstarts coming to teach new things to a gray-haired nation which had been rich in learning thousands of years before they were born! Such a thing was too ridiculous to be thought of.

**The Pride of
China**

That is the way China looked at it, and that is the reason it did not take up the civilization of the West as readily as Japan. Its people were too proud and too self-satisfied. But for all that it could not keep out the nineteenth century. No, indeed ! no part of the earth except the north and south poles has been able to keep out the pushing nineteenth century.

England was the first of the nations to get into China, where she obtained a foothold more than two centuries ago. What she wanted was trade, and she tried a very bad kind of trade, for her ships carried opium to China, just as in later times rum has been carried to Africa. The emperor of China did not like this. **The Opium War** Opium was a bad thing for his people, who lost their senses from smoking this dangerous drug. So he gave orders that all the opium in Canton should be seized and destroyed, and \$20,000,000 worth of the drug was thrown into the river.

This made the English furious. They sent their war-ships to China and began what is called the "Opium War." England was in the wrong, as it often has been ; but in war the wrong often prevails, if it has the best guns ; so China was defeated and had to open five ports to the world's commerce, and give up to England the large city and fine port of Hong Kong. This was the first step in the opening of China. Twenty years afterwards another war broke out, in which the British and the French joined. In 1860, they marched to Peking, the capital of China, forced it to open its gates, and burned the emperor's summer palace, one of the finest buildings in the whole land. Then more of China was opened to the world's trade.

In this way the door of China has been opened ; a little at a time ; now a small crack and now a larger crack. It was not flung open all at once, like the door of Japan, and it is far from being wide open yet. In fact, the Chinese are doing

their best to shut it again, but I fancy they will not succeed. It is something like trying to shut the gates of a mill-race against a flood.

Little by little foreign things crept in. In 1876, a railroad was built a few miles long. The emperor did not like it, but he was afraid to deal with it as he had with the opium. He took a safer plan; he bought the road, tore up the rails, and stored them away. The next year a telegraph line was built. That was not torn up, and now there are many miles of telegraph in China. Since then, some more railroads have been laid, but the Chinese do not like the iron horse, and they have not much more than a sample of railroad yet. The only way in which they have gone ahead is in buying steamboats for their rivers, and ironclad ships for their navy, and rifles for their soldiers. What they want is not to accept civilization but to fight off civilization.

War has a wonderful power in waking up a nation. When you come to read much of history you will learn the truth of this. There are some nations which nothing but the boom of the cannon and the crack of the rifle can rouse from their long sleep, and China is one of them. Japan did not need war for this purpose. As soon as its people saw how great a thing civilization is, they took hold of it with a mighty grip. But China saw nothing in it but a nuisance and a trouble, and took it in only at the cannon's mouth. I think there are times when all of us are tired of learning something new and want to be let alone with what we have, and that is the way it was with China.

Now I must speak of China's greatest war of the century, one that took place in 1894, only a few years ago. I may call this the "great awakening," for it gave the sleeping empire a very hard shake. This war was with Japan, and

came out of a quarrel about a kingdom to the north, called Korea, which was like a bone that was being fought for by two dogs.

China was like a great mastiff and Japan like a small-sized bull-dog; or one was a great barnyard fowl and the other like a little game-cock. No doubt, the rulers of China thought they would make short work of this impudent little island empire, whose people were of the same race as themselves, and not of that terrible white race. They might have done so forty years before, but Japan had now an army of well-drilled and well-armed soldiers, trained in the newest ideas, and it made short work of the sleepy colossus. The bull-dog got its teeth in the throat of the mastiff, and soon shook all the fight out of it. In a very short time little Japan had whipped big China; it might have tried to swallow it if it had not been so very large.

Japan and
China at War

Suppose the United States had been beaten in the war with Spain; what would we have thought? Would not we have come to the conclusion that we were far behind the age, and that it was time we were learning something new! Some such notion as this seems to have come into the great, slow brain of China. It had been thoroughly whipped by a little nation of its own kind. It was clear enough that it had a good deal to learn, and that it must give up some of its stubborn pride and go to school to the world if it did not want to be divided up between the nations as Africa has been.

If any of you read the newspapers closely you will know that the lesson was not lost in China. Railroads were no longer forbidden; they began to make their way through the "Celestial Kingdom." Steamboats ploughed the waters for a thousand miles up the great Kiang River. Foreign engineers began to work the rich coal and iron mines. Factories

sprang up in the foreign settlements, with the best modern machinery. Foreign books were translated and read. Missionaries taught the people in hundreds of places. The ambassadors of the nations were admitted to Peking and received in open audience by the emperor. China was giving way to the pressure of the world, and letting the light of science and invention in.

But it was only the most advanced thinkers of China who saw the benefit of this. The great masses of the people were full of ignorance and prejudice, and hated the white people bitterly. The best name they had for them was "foreign devils." Suddenly, in the year 1900, there came a terrible outbreak. A great secret society of the people, called the "Boxers," rose and began murdering the whites wherever they could find them. They entered Peking in multitudes, and many of the soldiers joined them in a bloodthirsty attack on the envoys of the foreign powers. Never had such a thing happened before, and all the great nations of the world sent soldiers to China to prevent a terrible crime. These formed an army which moved to Peking and rescued the ministers, but they had to fight hard to get there, and the old nation was stirred up as never before. In this way China came to the end of the century.

**The Boxer
Outbreak**



THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO, JULY 17, 1898

After a little ceremony the two commanding generals faced each other, and General Toral, speaking in Spanish, said: "I through fate I am forced to surrender to General Shafter of the American Army the city and strongholds of the city of Santiago." General Shafter in reply said: "I receive the city in the name of the Government of the United States."

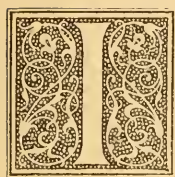


BATTLE OF KIMBERLEY

Entrenched English soldiers preparing for a Boer attack. South African War between English and Boers. 1900

CHAPTER XIX

South Africa and the Boer War



IN the last chapter we made a long jump, all together, hand in hand, from the United States across the great Pacific Ocean to far-off China and Japan. Now we have as long a jump to make, from those countries to the lower end of Africa, where that continent gets narrow and pushes itself far down into the southern ocean.

The story of Africa is a very interesting one. In 1800 we knew hardly anything about it. Men called it the "Dark Continent." It was in a double way the land of midnight. In the first place most of its people had faces as black as midnight, and in the second place it seemed as dark inside as a house is when we go into it at twelve o'clock at night. There may be people in the house, as there were in Africa, but if there are no lights it might as well be empty for all that we can make out.

**What We Know
About Africa**

In 1900 we knew a great deal about Africa. Daring travelers had gone into it and through it. They had crossed it from east to west and from north to south, and maps had been made showing its rivers and lakes, its mountains and plains, its countries and towns, and other things we look for in our atlases. In another chapter I shall tell you something about these travelers. Here I am going to speak of something that took place after the country had become well known, and Africa was a dark continent no longer.

It was first discovered and then it was divided up between various nations. England and France and Germany and Portugal claimed to own great districts of it. In the far south was a large English province named Cape Colony. And north of this was a Dutch settlement known as the Transvaal Republic. At the very end of the century a war broke out here between the English and the Dutch, and it is this war that I am now going to tell you about.

The Dutch went to South Africa almost as long ago as the English went to America. They were there as early as 1650, and in the years that followed they spread far over the coun-

The Dutch in South Africa try, planting farms and raising cattle, and living much like the patriarchs of Bible times.

There was one bad thing they did, they made slaves of the people of the country. In those days white men seemed to think that black men had no right to liberty and were born to work for them.

Now we must go forward until after the year 1800, the time of the Napoleonic wars. When Napoleon was overthrown and the nations of Europe began to divide up his great empire among themselves, England took South Africa as part of her share. Ships were sent down there, soldiers were landed, forts were built, and the Dutch settlers were told that they no longer were citizens of Holland, their native land, but that England had become their master.

In the newspapers nowadays you may see a good deal said about the Boers. This word means peasants; it was the name given to the settlers in South Africa and which they still bear. So I shall call them Boers instead of Dutch—for they were not all Dutch, many of them being French.

The Boers did not like the English and their ways. The English said they must give up their slaves, and this they did not want to do. And they had been their own masters so

long that they wanted to be so still. Thus it was that, in 1840, a large party of them gave up their farms, harnessed their great ox-teams, and set off to "trek" up country in search of a new home. Africa is a big continent, and they thought they could find some place in it where they could live free from English rule.

Away up north they went, many long and weary miles, and in time they came to a country with which they were very much pleased. It was a lofty plain, from 4000 to 7000 feet above the sea, and never had they seen a land so full of game. Beautiful, swift antelopes of many kinds were there by the millions. Down in the lower lands there were multitudes of giraffes and zebras and buffaloes and elephants.

The Boers were very fond of hunting and they beheld these swarms of animals with delight.

**Game in the
Transvaal**

There were lions, too, but the bold hunters were not afraid of them. Besides this, it seemed a splendid country to raise cattle in, so they unharnessed the oxen from their great wagons and let them run loose. Here they would make their new home, far away from those troublesome English, who wanted to be the lords of the earth.

The Boers soon found that they had other uses for their rifles than to shoot the wild animals. There were men there, fierce tribes of natives, the old owners of the land, who had no notion of being driven away. Soon there was bloody fighting going on. The negroes attacked the whites, and the whites fought the negroes, and many were killed on both sides; but new Boers kept coming, and in the end the natives were driven out and the new comers took the country for their own.

After all the fighting was over two Boer republics were formed. One of them lay between the Orange and the Vaal Rivers, and was named the Orange River Free State. The

other lay north of the Vaal River and was named the Transvaal Republic. The country was not good for farming but it was excellent for grazing, so they built themselves homes and set their cattle free to feed on the rich grasses, and soon they had abundant herds and lived in a simple, quiet, happy way, spending their time in attending to their cattle and hunting wild game.

The Boers thought they were now free from the English, but in that they made a great mistake. The English were moving after them, step by step. They had built a city in the old Boer country which they called Capetown, and they kept pushing farther north into the district they named Cape Colony. Others of them sailed up the coast and took possession of part of the country which the Boers had settled, and called it Natal. Every year they were getting nearer, and at length a remarkable thing took place which brought them into that region by thousands. Diamonds were found in the country west of the Boer republics.

You know how a magnet draws iron. In much the same way diamonds and gold draw white men. Diamond hunters came in multitudes and began digging for the shining stones. The Boers did not like these neighbors and the negroes did not like them any better. A warlike tribe of natives, called the Zulus, began fighting with the whites and got well whipped for their pains. Then, in 1877, the English made an excuse to march into the Transvaal and claim it for their own. So the Boers had not kept very long out of England's hands.

You may be sure the bold Boers were angry at this. They hated the English and did not like being taxed by them, but they bore it all with stern and sullen faces until the year 1880, when they seized their well-tried muskets, gathered into

companies, and decided to try and drive the strangers from their land. And they soon did so. Everywhere that they met the English they whipped them. At a place called Majuba Hill they gave them a terrible defeat. That ended the war. The British were driven out of the country. Mr. Gladstone, who was then prime minister, said that they had no right there and told them to leave. Mr. Gladstone was a just man and did not think that one country had the right to take possession of another, even if one was large and the other small. But the time was soon to come when England would have men at its head with different views.

You see what came from the diamond mines. Not long afterwards a stronger magnet than the diamond was found. The dangerous metal gold was discovered, not outside, but inside the Transvaal Republic. Mines were opened which in time proved to be the richest in the world, and miners came from all parts of the world, but mostly from England, and settled in the Transvaal, where they built a great miners' city, named Johannesburg. This grew until it had more than 100,000 inhabitants.

**Diamonds and
Gold**

If you have read the history of gold, you know that nothing in all the ages has made so much trouble for mankind. The poor Boers soon found that their gold was likely to prove a curse. The strangers in Johannesburg said that, as they lived in the country and paid taxes there, they ought to have some say in its government. This the Boers did not want to give them, for they were so many that they would soon outvote them and get possession of their land by the aid of ballots instead of bullets. So Paul Kruger, the president, and the Transvaal Congress, said that they should not become citizens until they had lived there for many years.

After that trouble came fast. An ambitious man named Cecil Rhodes had become chief owner of the diamond mines,

and had conquered the country north of the Transvaal, which was now fast filling up with English settlers. Then, in 1895, he sent a party down to stir up a rebellion in Johannesburg and help the gold miners to take possession of the country. He made a big blunder in this. The men who fought at Majuba Hill were still alive, and in a little time they took all of Cecil Rhodes' men prisoners and locked them up in jail. So this bad scheme came to a proper end.

All went well for the owners of the Transvaal until 1899, when new trouble came, all through that pestilent gold. The gold miners in Johannesburg said that they were oppressed by Paul Kruger and his government, and demanded the right to help make the laws under which they lived. The British government took part in this dispute, and told the Boers that they ought to give the miners some rights in the country.

The Transvaal Problem That was the political way of putting it. When Joseph Chamberlain, secretary for the Colonies said that they ought to, he meant that they must, and that if they did not he would make them. Every day the dispute grew hotter. While the commissioners were trying to decide how many years foreigners should live in the country before they could become members of its Congress, both sides were preparing for war, and British soldiers were on shipboard sailing for South Africa. Paul Kruger said this should not go on, and he gave Great Britain just one day to order back its soldiers or fight. As no attention was paid to his words, he declared war on October 11, 1899.

Likely enough this is what the government of Great Britain wanted. Chamberlain and his fellows thought they would make short work of the Transvaal and sweep it off the map of the world. They did not find this quite so easy. The people of the two Boer republics joined their forces and sent troops into Natal on the east and Cape Colony on the west.

Wherever they met the British they drove them back, and soon had them shut up in the three towns of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking.

The British tried to drive them away from those towns, but they found that far from easy. The sieges went on for months, and whenever the armies met the British were defeated. It was not the trifling little job they had calculated on. Then England woke up and saw that it had a big war on its hands. Men and horses and cannon and guns were gathered from all sides. Money was spent like water; Canada and Australia sent troops to Africa; Lord Roberts, the best general Great Britain had, was put in command. The ocean swarmed with ships carrying men and supplies to the south.

**The War in
South Africa**

The poor Boers were overwhelmed. The country seemed alive with British soldiers. The Boers fought bravely still but could not stand against these hosts. Back they went, step by step. They were forced to retreat from the three towns under siege. The Orange River Free State was overrun. Then Johannesburg, the city of gold, and Pretoria, the Boer capital, were occupied. The Boer army broke up and began a guerilla war. The case now was hopeless. The few brave Boers could not stand against this mighty British army. The career of the Boer republics was at an end. They might fight on for a little while, but they were sure soon to be swept into the great net of the British empire, and Cape Colony was destined to spread until it covered all South Africa except the regions held by Germany and Portugal. Great Britain had become the greatest power in Africa.

CHAPTER XX

Livingstone and Stanley, the Great African Travelers



PROMISED at the beginning of the last chapter to tell you about some of the great travelers who made Africa known to us. I think it is everybody's duty to keep their promises, and the best way to keep a promise is to do so as soon as we can, for fear we may forget it. So I shall keep my promise right away, while it is fresh in my memory.

We owe what we know about the Dark Continent to a great many travelers. Some of these were very bold and daring. They started from the coast and went far inland, among fierce and savage tribes. Many of them suffered from hunger and thirst and were worn out with toil. Some died of the dangerous diseases of the country. Some were killed by the warlike people. But others kept going, like brave soldiers marching into the country of an enemy, and in time Africa was very well known.

The British Explorers

Most of these famous men came from England and Scotland. I have told you already that the British people have been the most enterprising of all the nations. At the very opening of the century a brave British traveler named Mungo Park went far into Africa, along the great Niger River. Poor fellow! he went too far and dared too much and was killed by some of the fierce natives. Before him was another



ADMIRAL MONTJO

THE BATTLE OF MANILA, MAY 1, 1898

This illustration is historically correct. It shows the position of the vessels in that memorable battle which resulted at once the death-knell of Spanish authority in the East and West Indies.

ADMIRAL DEWEY



INSURGENTS' ATTEMPT TO BURN MANILA, FEBRUARY 22, 1899

On the night of February 22nd, in spite of the watchfulness of General Otis, the insurgents set fire to Manila in the three quarters of the city known as Santa Cruz, San Nicolas and Tondo. Nearly 1000 houses were burned, and the flames spread so rapidly that a destruction of the whole city was threatened. The firemen in attempting to extinguish the flames were fired upon and the hose was cut repeatedly; but the Americans finally extinguished the flames and quelled the uprising within the city.

famous man named James Bruce, who went deep into Abyssinia, till he came to what he thought were the headwaters of the River Nile. It was what is now called the Blue Nile, not the great Nile. In later years there were many other celebrated and daring travelers, some of them French and German, but most of them British. Among these brave men the most famous were the two named Livingstone and Stanley.

Let us go on now to the middle of the century, and see what was known of Africa at that time. If you should have the opportunity to look at a map of that continent made in 1850, you would perceive a blank space covering the whole broad interior. Park and Bruce, and the others **Mungo Park** who followed them, did not go far inland, and **and** the world knew almost nothing of what lay **James Bruce** hidden in that vast land until Livingstone and Stanley made their wonderful journeys and told the world the strange story of their travels.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland, in which country Mungo Park and James Bruce had also been born. The Soctch people ought to be proud that the first three of the great African travelers were sons of their soil. Livingstone went to South Africa in 1840, as a missionary. He had no thought of making discoveries, and only thought of teaching the natives the lofty doctrines of Christianity, and persuading them to give up their idols and forget their superstitions. He was in that part of Africa, of which we hear so much in these days, the land of gold and diamonds, and of the wars of the Zulus, the British and the Boers. For years he kept on teaching, but at length he made up his mind that it was his duty to become a pioneer, to go deeper into the country, open up new fields of labor, and leave the work he had been doing to those who came after him.

It was in the year 1849 that the daring missionary set out on his first journey of discovery. Far to the north spread an unknown land, in which lay a sparkling body of water, Lake Ngami, of which the natives had told, but which no white man had ever seen. To reach it he would have to cross the broad and bleak Kalahari Desert, where there was danger of dying of thirst. No fear of this stopped the daring

**Lake Ngami
Discovered**

traveler. Northward he went, and with him went two English sportsmen, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray. Their purpose was to fight and kill strange animals, his purpose was to discover new lands and strange peoples, and find fresh fields for teaching the Christian faith. The sportsmen were good companions and could supply meat for the party. On the 1st of August their glad eyes fell on the broad sheet of gleaming water which they had set out to find, and Livingstone's first discovery was made.

Twice again, in 1850 and 1851, our traveler set out for the same country, now taking with him his wife and children. In 1851, after reaching the lake, he and Mr. Oswell went several hundred miles into the north country, and at length came to the shores of a bright and broad river, which they found sweeping in a swift and noble current through the centre of the country. It was the Zambesi, the great river of South Africa, which ran into the Indian Ocean far to the eastward, where its lower waters had long been known.

Do you not think, if you had been David Livingstone, and had before you that mighty land which no white man had ever gazed upon, and whose wonders the world was eager to know, you would have desired to plunge deeper into it and spend years, as he did, in exploring its mysteries? He had seen so much now that he wanted to see more, and the next twenty years of his life were passed in the heart of that mysterious continent. Some day you may read in his own

books the story of his wonderful adventures and discoveries, but here I can give you only an outline sketch of them.

In 1852, Livingstone sent his family to England and set out on one of the greatest journeys of his life. He went north from Capetown to the Zambesi River, and from there set out on a long journey through strange lands to the far northwest. A terrible time he had of it among the wild natives who had never seen a white face, and with fever and hunger to rob him of strength, but in the end he reached the Atlantic coast at the Portuguese town of St. Paul de Loanda, having gone through hundreds of miles of unknown land. That journey would have been enough for most men, but it was not half enough for Livingstone, and after a few months' rest he plunged back again, like a man sailing into an unknown ocean. This time he did what no man had ever done before, he crossed the whole continent of Africa, and came out, looking more like a ghost than a man, on the shores of the Indian Ocean.

**Livingstone
Crosses Africa**

He had made one great discovery, the splendid cataract of the Zambesi River, which he named the Victoria Falls, giving it the name of the English Queen. Have you ever read an account of this mighty cataract? Only the Falls of Niagara surpass it in grandeur. There is a broad crack in the earth, into whose depths the great river plunges with the roar of a mighty storm, while from it rises a cloud of smoke-like mist.

The bold traveler had been four years on this journey, and was so worn out that he had to go home to England to rest. He had traveled north for 1,700 miles, and then crossed the country from ocean to ocean, a thing which no man had ever done before ; and his discoveries had been so many and so great that the highest people of England went wild over him. I fancy he did not get all the rest he came for. When a man becomes famous the world will not let him rest.

At any rate he was soon off again, for there were other discoveries to be made. In 1858 he went back to Africa, and this time made his way inland to the great lake Nyassa, which was another of his discoveries. Here he stayed for several years, exploring the country around. His wife had come with him, but the hardships of the country proved too much for the poor woman, who died in one of his journeys. He went back to England sad and alone in 1864.

Livingstone now hoped to spend the remainder of his life in quiet and repose; but the scientists of England were not satisfied, they wanted to know more about Africa, and they pestered him till he agreed to go back. In 1866 he landed in Africa again and set out inland for Lake Nyassa. From its shores he started north for the great Lake Tanganyika, which had been discovered by two English travelers several years before.

Livingstone Returns to Africa

For five years after that nothing was known of the great traveler. He vanished from sight. No one knew what had become of him. He might be still alive, he might have died of fever or starvation, he might have been killed and eaten by cannibals. What had become of him became one of the great questions of the day. Not until 1871 was the mystery of his fate made clear.

In that year Henry M. Stanley, a daring newspaper correspondent, was sent out by the owner of the "New York Herald," who telegraphed to him across the ocean the two words "Find Livingstone." Stanley was just the man for this work. He was young, strong, bold, fond of adventure, and afraid of nothing. He did not go alone, like Livingstone, but with a strong band, well armed with guns. Livingstone had traveled like a Christian, making friends of the people as he went; Stanley traveled like a soldier, prepared to fight his way if he must.

He was not long in finding the lost traveler. He came upon him at Ujiji, a negro town on the northern shore of Lake Tanganyika. Far and wide the aged missionary had gone through Central Africa, finding many lakes and streams and many strange tribes and having many marvelous things to tell. His most important discovery was the great Lualaba River, which he believed to be the headwaters of the mighty River Nile. His years of travel had worn him away to a shadow, and he was, as Stanley said, "a ruck of bones." But he would not give up his work. Back into the country he went, and kept up his life of travel until the 1st of May, 1873. On that day he was found by his men dead in his tent, kneeling by the side of his bed. Thus perished in prayer the greatest traveler of modern times.

**Stanley "Finds
Livingstone"**

Livingstone was not alone in his work. Other travelers were now pushing into Africa from all directions, and one by one the long hidden secrets of that "Dark Continent" were made known. But the greatest of African travelers after Livingstone was Stanley, and I must tell you of what he did after he found Livingstone.

In 1874 he began one of the most remarkable explorations ever made. Plunging deeply into the country, he traveled around the great lakes Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, and then went westward to the Lualaba, which Livingstone had thought to be the Nile. Stanley was determined to find out for himself whither this river ran. He had with him a large number of armed men and was not afraid of the tribes of man-eaters of whom he was told. Starting in boats down the broad stream, the party of travelers went for hundreds of miles through the heart of Africa, fighting their way through the cannibals and having a thousand difficulties to overcome. It was a terrible journey, but nothing could stop Stanley, and

the stream led him at length to the shores of the Atlantic. He found that it was not the Nile, as Livingstone had thought, but the Congo, a great river which had never before been explored.

The whole world was excited by the story which Stanley had to tell, of the broad, high plain of Central Africa, a thousand miles wide and watered by hundreds of streams, all sending their waters to the mighty Congo. It was soon decided to form a settlement in this wonderful new land, and Stanley was sent back in 1879 to found the Congo Free State, a splendidly watered and fertile country containing nearly one million square miles of territory.

I have not told you the whole story of Stanley's adventures. He had another great journey to make, this time to "find Emin Pasha," another man lost in Africa. Emin was in the Upper Nile, near the Albert Nyanza Lake. **Stanley Goes to Rescue Emin** He had been sent by Egypt to govern that province, but had been cut off by the great outbreak of the Arabs, under their prophet the Mahdi, and for years nothing had been known of his fate. In 1887 Stanley set out to find and rescue him.

This time our enterprising traveler had a new country to cross. He made his way up the Congo for thirteen hundred miles and then left that stream and plunged into the unknown country to the northeast. Never had there been a more dangerous and toilsome journey. Far and wide spread an immense forest, that seemed almost to have no end. The people who dwelt in it were mostly what are known as Pygmies, dwarf-like creatures, who are found in many of the African forests. Great were the difficulties, the hardships, the perils of the way; but greater was the spirit of the traveler, and he kept on through the dense wood until he met the lost Emin on the shores of Albert Nyassa Lake, as he had for-

merly met the lost Livingstone on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Three times Stanley crossed that terrible forest, for he had to go back for the men and supplies left behind him, and then go forward to Emin again. Then he kept on across the continent to Zanzibar, bringing Emin back to civilization and safety. In this way he made a second crossing of the continent.

I can give you the names and might give you the stories of many other African travelers—Cameron, Barth, Grant, Burton, Baker, and a dozen more—but greatest of them all were the two I have named: Livingstone, the missionary explorer, who made his way by the arts of peace and gentleness, and Stanley, the soldierly explorer, who fought his way through cannibal hordes by the arts of force and daring.

They, and those who came after them, have lifted the cloud that so long lay over Africa, and no one now calls that country the "Dark Continent." After the traveler came the soldier and the settler, and to-day all that is worth owning of the country is claimed by the nations of Europe; the steamboat is on its central rivers, and the railroad is fast making its way into the far interior. Africa, a deep mystery for thousands of years, became in the nineteenth century the prize of the world.

**Other African
Travelers**

CHAPTER XXI

Discoveries in the Sea of Ice



IF any of my young readers, in the pursuit of knowledge, should enter one of the large public libraries now to be seen in all our great cities, and go to the shelves devoted to books of travel and discovery, he will find himself at a loss where to choose among the hundreds of bulky volumes, and cannot help wondering at the number of men who have endured toil and hardship in distant lands in search of the new and strange. And he will wonder more when he perceives that nearly all these books were written in the nineteenth century, which has been the great century in travel as in almost everything else.

There were great discoveries of new lands in former times, such as the discovery of America by Columbus and of the coast of Africa by the Portuguese. But during the nineteenth century men have gone through and through the new-found continents and islands, seeking their hidden secrets. Daring travelers have penetrated to the inmost recesses of distant lands, climbed the highest mountains, ventured among the most savage tribes, studied a thousand regions before unknown, and learned more about the marvels of nature and the secrets of the earth than had been done in two thousand years before.

There is no part of the earth where these daring men have not gone. They have explored Africa and America, Asia and Australia; have gone over the most dismal deserts

**The Daring of
Travelers**



PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY

The discovery of the mission of the exceedingly minute organisms known as bacteria in producing disease ranks among the greatest and most beneficent of our age. By it the art of the physician was first raised to the rank of a science. The honor of this discovery belongs to Louis Pasteur, the eminent French chemist and biologist.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE



HENRY M. STANLEY



DR. FRITHIOF NANSEN



LIEUT. R. E. PEARY

GREAT EXPLORERS IN THE TROPICS AND ARCTICS

and through the most distant islands ; now under the scorching sun of the equator and now amid the freezing winds of the sea of ice, and a thousand books cannot begin to tell the story of what they have seen and learned. Of course, I cannot tell you much about this long story, but I trust the time will come when you will read many of these books of travel and adventure for yourselves. I am sure you will find them pleasant and instructive reading. In the last chapter I told you something about the greatest of African travelers ; in this one it may be well to take a rapid glance at what has been done in the frozen seas.

In the far north, you know, there is ice and snow all the year round, and travelers there have endured severe suffering and gone through great pain. Ship after ship has gone there, some of them trying to find a channel for trading vessels around the tops of the continents, but finding only waters which the bitter cold had changed into ice as hard as a rock. I must give you the names of **In the Arctic Seas** some of these daring men. When you see the name of the Hudson River in New York State and of Hudson Bay in Canada, it may remind you of the bold discoverer, Captain Henry Hudson, who, three hundred years ago, sailed up that river and into that bay. He was not trying to find the north pole, but he came within six hundred miles of it as long ago as 1607.

The first man to surpass Hudson was Captain Parry, who sailed north in 1827 to the latitude of 82 degrees 40 minutes—only a little more than five hundred miles from the north pole. But we cannot go far in this story without meeting tales of suffering and death. In 1845 Sir John Franklin, a bold British sea captain, sailed to the Arctic Ocean to try and discover a northwest passage around America. He never came again from that dread sea of ice. On the 19th of May

his two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," were seen by a whaling vessel in Melville Bay, and that was the last that was ever seen of ships and men. They vanished forever in the frozen wastes. Franklin and his bold followers became victims to the demon of the North.

Did no one try to find them? you ask. Yes, indeed; nobody was ever sought for more diligently. Ship after ship was sent out by Lady Franklin and others, until, during the next ten years, no less than fifteen expeditions left England and America in search of the lost navigator. Some few relics

**Searching
Parties**

were found and the bones of some of the poor fellows; that was all, not a living soul of them was ever seen again. In 1880 an American, Lieutenant Schwatka, found the skeletons of some of these unhappy men. After that nobody wanted anything to do with the northwest passage. A passage blocked up with Arctic ice would have been as hard to traverse as to sail up the Falls of Niagara.

In 1881 another expedition went north that met with terrible disaster. This was commanded by Lieutenant Greely, of the United States army. It was to go as far north as it could and make a study of the weather and other conditions of the northern seas. Poor fellows! their ships were frozen in, and for three years they were left in a prison of ice. No relief came to them and nearly all their food was eaten. At last they had to leave their ships and make their way south through those terrible seas. They hoped to find food at Cape Sabine in Greenland, but not an ounce had been left for them, and there they had to stay through a dreadful Arctic winter, slowly starving to death. In June, 1884, Commodore Schley came with a vessel to their relief. He found only six of them alive. The rest had died for want of food. These six were wasted almost to skeletons. A few days more and

not one of all that gallant crew would have been alive. Lieutenant Greely was one of those saved, and he is now at the head of the United States Weather Bureau.

That was dreadful enough, was it not? I should be glad if it was all, but there is another dreadful story to tell. In 1879 a ship named the "Jeannette," under Commander De Long, went to the seas north of Siberia to try and push north in that frozen region. But the ice caught the strong ship and crushed it as if it had been an eggshell, and the captain and crew had to make their way southward in boats.

The journey was a terrible one. They suffered dreadfully from cold and hunger. At length they came to the coast of Siberia at the mouth of the great Lena River. Here their food gave out, and they had starvation to fight as well as the bitter cold. Poor De Long and all the men who came with him died in misery and horror. There, on the frozen sands, their bodies were found by Engineer Melville, one of their companions. He had taken another route, and got south to the Siberian settlements.

**The Lena River
Victims**

You may see from this that the sea of ice guards its secret well; the demon of the north lies in wait for those who venture within its reach. Many others have felt the pinch of its claws, but none have suffered as severely as those I have named. If I should try to tell the stories of all these bold explorers I could fill a book, so I must confine myself to one or two more. Of the men who set out to reach the pole, one of the most successful was Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a stalwart and daring son of Norway, who set out in 1893 on one of the most wonderful voyages ever made.

Nansen built himself a vessel called the "Fram," which was as strong as solid wood and firm iron could make it, and was of such a shape that the pressure of the ice would lift it up out of danger, and carry it in a sort of ice cradle. He was

not afraid of being frozen in. That was just what he wanted. He thought that there was a great current in the Arctic seas, and that if he got the "Fram" in an ice cradle it would be carried past the north pole.

Away went the bold Nansen and vanished from sight. For three years he and his men were lost and no one expected ever to see them again. People thought they had met the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew. Then, in 1896, the news flashed around the world that Nansen was home again, and had been farther north than any man before.

The story he had to tell was a wonderful one. For nearly two years the "Fram" had drifted slowly to the north. But it went too slow to suit the impatient spirit of the daring Norwegian, and in March, 1895, Nansen left the ship with one companion, and with dogs and sleds tried to make a rapid run over the frozen sea. He got to latitude 86 degrees 14 minutes, less than 300 miles from the pole. But the ice was rough and broken, his dogs were dying, and his food was getting low. If he hoped to see Europe again he had to turn back. He would have done as well to stay in the ship, for it drifted on till only about twenty miles south of where he stopped, and then turned and made its way safe back to Europe.

Nansen and Johansen, his companion, got to the coast of Franz Joseph Land, where they spent a frightfully cold winter. But there were bears and walrus on the ice, and with the aid of their rifles they got food to eat. In the spring they went south and had the good luck to meet Dr. Jackson, an English explorer, who had spent two years on that bleak island. You may be sure that the gallant Nansen was glad enough to meet a man on that ice-bound shore. When he came to Europe he was greeted everywhere as a hero of the seas.

Now I have to tell you the adventures of an American, Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, who set out in 1891 to try and get to the pole. He landed far up on the Greenland coast, and then set out on snow shoes and with dog sleds across the north of that great island. Only one man was with him, and they journeyed 650 miles across a plain of ice and snow to the far northeast coast. Here the ice ended, and there were broken stones over which he could not take his sleds.

The brave Peary made another trial in 1896, with no better luck, and in 1898 he set out again, bound to reach the pole if it could be done. He was going to stay for years in the far north, planting depots of food far apart, and so going north step by step until he could set foot, if possible, on the mysterious pole.

**Peary Crosses
Greenland**

So far as we know, he had not done so at the end of the nineteenth century, and we have nothing to do with the century that came after.

I shall have to tell you about one more unfortunate explorer, who tried to reach the pole in the way an eagle would go, through the air. Ships had been tried and sleds had been tried, and he thought the best way to get there was by balloon. This adventurous man was of Swedish birth and named S. A. Andrée. He knew a great deal about balloons, and he found that he could steer one away from the course of the wind by the use of a rubber sail and a drag-rope. So he had a strong balloon made, and in the summer of 1897 set out with two companions, with warm hopes of being back again within a few months with the true story of the pole.

Poor fellow! something went wrong with his plans or with his balloon. The years passed by and no word came from Andrée or his comrades. They were looked for far and wide, but no trace of them was found. At the end of the century they had failed to appear, and no one hoped ever to

see them again. They had fallen victims to the demon of the north and their sorry passes into history.

As the century drew near its end explorers began to turn their attention towards the south pole. Nothing was known of the Antarctic zone except that it was a region of vast icebergs and lofty fields of ice. Vessels had gone there, but the frowning ice mountains had warned them all away. Near the end of the century new vessels went south, hoping in some way to get through the frightful barrier of ice. But the century ended and nothing new was learned. The mystery of the south pole was left as one of the problems of the twentieth century.

**Antarctic
Explorations**

You may see, from what you have just read, that, though no one had reached either of the poles of the earth, much had been discovered and various new ways of travel tried during the nineteenth century. For a long time men tried to get to the north pole in sailing vessels. Then steam vessels were used. These failed, and near the end of the century a new method was adopted, that of forming depots of provisions where food could be obtained, and going north from these in sledges.

Food, you know, is now prepared in a condensed form, so that a small weight of it will go a long way. And the explorers have adopted the Eskimo mode of dressing and find it very useful in keeping out the cold. The daring Peary, when he crossed Greenland, did not trouble himself about hut or tent, but, in his warm Greenland furs, would creep into his sleeping bag, and slumber in comfort on the broad field of ice. So the terrors of the north have largely fled away from the feet of intrepid travelers, and the terrors of the south may also take to flight.

CHAPTER XXII

The Treasures of the Hills



T is a rich old world we live in. Have any of you ever thought how rich it is? Just think that 1,200,000,000 people and many more millions of animals live on the food which the soil produces, and yet we do not raise half the wheat and rice and corn and other food stuffs that we might. Think also of the great forests and the wonderful variety of woods which they contain. And think of the hills and their wealth in gold, silver, coal, iron, and a hundred other valuable minerals. I might write many chapters on these subjects, but here I shall speak only about the treasures of the hills.

There is nothing new about the art of mining. Gold was dug from the earth in the time of Solomon. Iron was mined and hammered into sword-blades long before.

Nearly all the valuable minerals were known before the nineteenth century began. But great beds of them have been found during this marvelous century, and the earth has been proved to be ten times as rich as was dreamed of in earlier times.

The Art of Mining

Some of the greatest of such discoveries were made in America, so I must tell you about these. As our people went back mile after mile, over hill and plain, cutting down the woods and planting the soil, they began to find other things worth having than wheat, cotton and corn. In a hundred places iron was found in the rocks, and soon mines were opened and furnaces began to blaze and roar. The black

veins of coal were found in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and here, too, the sturdy miners began digging and blasting away. Since then it has been found that America has more coal and iron than any other country in the world.

Just think of whole mountains made up of iron ore ! In Missouri you may see two mountains of this kind, one of them over 700 feet high. It is fortunate for mankind that the most useful metal is the most plentiful. Every year about 40,000,000 tons of iron are produced in the world and made into an immense variety of goods for man's use. And of this iron the United States yields half as much as all the rest of the world. I can say the same thing about coal. The United States and Great Britain produce twice as much iron and coal as all the other countries of the earth. Coal and iron go together, you should know. We must burn coal to get iron, and if the coal should be all used, as it may be some time, the world might find itself out of iron.

All the vast development in iron and coal mining belongs to the nineteenth century. There has been more iron mined in a hundred years than for 10,000 years before ; and as for coal, its beds were hardly scratched a hundred years ago. Now we dig up and burn every year nearly 500,000,000 tons, and it takes as much coal to drive one of our great steamships across the ocean as it did to warm some of our cities a century ago. Wood was much used then, but it would not be of much account now.

The same thing can be said about the precious metals, gold and silver. If you think of the many thousands of years that man has lived upon the earth, and then of the little morsel of time of the last fifty years, it is hard to imagine that more gold has been taken from the sands and the rocks in this handful of years than in all past time. Yet such is the



KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY



KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III. OF ITALY

RULERS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY DENMARK, AUSTRIA AND ITALY



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT LOUBET



RUSSIA'S CZAR, NICHOLAS II. AND FAMILY



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY



THE SHAH OF PERSIA

RULERS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, TURKEY AND PERSIA

case. Since 1850 man has found far more gold than in all the years before. And he has twice as much silver to-day as he had a hundred years ago. This old world of ours has grown rich very fast during the nineteenth century.

Here, there, and nearly everywhere gold has been discovered. Almost while we are talking men are finding new gold fields in Alaska. There is nothing more interesting than the story of gold. It has given rise to no end of adventures, men have hurried from end to end of the earth to obtain it, even wars have sprung from it. I must certainly tell you of some of the wonderful finds of gold in the nineteenth century.

Gold and Silver

In one of our chapters, away back, you read of how the United States went to war with Mexico, and defeated that country. As part of the spoils of war it held on to the large province of California, which lay along the Pacific Ocean and ran back to the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Mexico had owned that country for several hundred years, but found it of little more use than as a place to feed sheep in. No one dreamed that it was paved with golden sands. It took the Americans to find out that.

One day in 1848 some workmen were digging a millrace in the Sacramento Valley in California, and one of them saw sparks of shining yellow in the dirt thrown out. He washed some of this out, and to his delight he found it to be gold. There was no more use for mills or millraces after that, as you may well imagine. People thought of nothing but gold. The news spread, as if the birds were carrying it on their wings and scattering it down as they sped onward. The people of San Francisco dropped everything and ran to the hills, hungry for gold. To the right, to the left, they dug and found the shining yellow grains. "Gold was everywhere—in the soil, in the river sand, in the mountain rock."

Soon the people of the eastern United States and Canada heard the news and set out in multitudes for the golden realm. Some of them went by ship, some crossed the great plains in slow teams, fighting with the Indians as they went. Then Europe got the news, and the thirst for gold spread there. California filled with people ; its sands were dug and washed, its old river beds excavated, its very rocks torn to pieces.

**The California
Gold Fields**

The half-crazy gold hunters seemed as if they would like to tear out the heart of the earth in their search for the golden metal. In seven years gold was obtained to the value of nearly \$500,000,000. When the sands were emptied of their gold men turned to the rocks and began to tunnel and mine, and they have been getting gold from them ever since.

But the United States was not long to have all the treasure of gold. Two years after the yellow metal was found in California it was found in Australia, and a great rush of miners to that far-off island began. It was as if two great streams of men were constantly flowing from the settled countries into the wilds of California and Australia, eager for wealth. In seven years gold worth the immense sum of \$330,000,000 was found in the Australian fields, and no one knows when it is going to end.

Does not this seem very wonderful? For ages these treasures had waited for the coming of man, and now they were being dug up all at once to enrich the world. And the end was not yet. Another great field of gold lay waiting to be discovered. Far away in South Africa, in a country which had long been unknown to white men, and over which the Dutch settlers now drove their herds of cattle, there was a ridge of rocks which seemed put there as a nuisance for men to climb over. But one day some curious fellow began to study these rocks and found that they were rich in gold.

Then the old story came again. Men hurried in droves to the Transvaal hills and began to blast the rocks and smash the stones into dust and wash out the gold. Every year more and more was obtained, and before the century ended these rough rocks were yielding more gold than either the United States or Australia. It was a great thing for the world, for the nations were hungry for money, but it was not a good thing for the quiet Dutch Boers, who did not like to see these strangers crowding into their land. If you will turn back to the chapter on "South Africa and the Boer War," you will learn what came of it all, how a British army was sent there in ships to conquer the country and take from the people their independence. Gold is good in its way, but, as the Bible says, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The Transvaal
and Alaska
Mines

I have another gold field still to speak of, that of Alaska. Every one of you must have heard of the Klondike diggings, where gold is got out of the frozen soil, and of Cape Nome, where the sands of the seashore are full of gold. No one knows how widely gold is spread through that broad land, or how much will yet be found. The world is growing richer in gold by about \$300,000,000 worth every year, and this may increase as the years go on.

Now shall we speak of silver? Does some one ask, Where is the white metal found? Why, like the yellow metal, it may be had almost everywhere; but this I can say, that America is richer in silver than all the rest of the world, and the United States and Mexico yield twice as much of the white metal as all other countries combined. You may have read of the Bonanza mines of Nevada, which were fabulously rich. To-day Colorado is the great silver state, yielding \$30,000,000 worth every year. It is the great gold state, too, for in 1900 nearly half the gold of the country came from that

state. The United States gives us \$70,000,000 worth of silver every year, and Mexico still more.

When we think of the vast treasures of gold and silver, iron and coal, that the hills have yielded to mankind during the nineteenth century, it almost makes us stagger. You have often seen the tiny ants carrying grains of sand from underground till they built up quite an ant mountain in a few days, and have wondered at their industry. But we may see

**Diamonds and
Rock Oil**

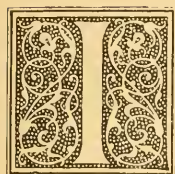
men everywhere doing the same thing, digging into the earth and the rocks, robbing them of their treasures, and leaving mountains of refuse behind. I have not told you of all the treasures of the hills. There are the sparkling diamonds which we all love for their beauty. Until lately these were nearly all found in India and Brazil, but now a wonderful mine of diamonds is worked in South Africa, and thousands of these brilliant stones are dug up every year.

What else has the nineteenth century done for the world? Why, look at the petroleum or rock oil, which no one dreamed of a hundred years ago, yet which is now found in many parts of the earth. Over 5,000,000,000 gallons of this valuable oil spout up every year from the wells of the world—half of it in the United States, and nearly another half in Russia. And with it comes the natural gas, which yields heat and light to houses and workshops.

Of the many other rock treasures I shall speak only of copper, zinc and tin, all of which are very useful metals. Copper, you know, is used largely for telephone wires. The United States is the great copper country. It yields every year nearly 250,000 tons, and the rest of the world only 200,000. But Europe runs far ahead of it in zinc, and nearly all the tin of the world comes from the Straits Settlements, in the southeastern part of Asia.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Marvels of Machinery and the Great Inventors



IN the first part of this book I told you how things were done in the year 1800, how men worked in the fields with old-fashioned hand tools which nobody ever sees any more, except in museums, and how most of the work in the shops was done by hand. I know that none of my readers cares to hear about this again. They all have fresh young memories and do not forget quite so easily as that. And I certainly do not need to tell any of them about how things were done in the year 1900, for they know this quite as well as I do. Many of them have seen horse and steam machines at work in the fields and barns, each of them as good as ten or twenty men. And many others have seen and heard machines rattling and clanking in the city mills and factories, each doing a hundred men's work.

But I am afraid none of you quite understand how great the change has been. You would have had to live in 1800 and then been born again into 1900 to appreciate the wonderful progress the world has made. Why, there are hundreds of little things we possess to-day which it seems to us the world must always have had, for we do not see how people could ever have got along without them. Yet our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had none of these things, and yet they thought they were very well off.

**Great Little
Things**

You see we do not miss much the things we never heard of, though when we get them we may not see how we ever got along in comfort without them. So it is that we, to-day, pity the poor, miserable people who lived in 1800. But likely enough, a hundred years from now, boys and girls and men and women will be pitying the poor, miserable people who lived in 1900. I suppose, some day, the good folks will be wondering how the world ever got along without flying machines. We get along very well without them, but we wonder how the world ever got along without railroads and locomotives. No doubt, in 1800 people wondered how their ancestors got along without stage coaches.

From Stage-coach to Flying Machine

All this is curious to think about, isn't it? These great changes are due to a class of people we call inventors; that is, men who study out new ways of doing things which are better and faster and cheaper than the old ways. No doubt there have been inventors ever since man came upon the earth. During the past two or three thousand years there have been many inventors, and they have given the world new ways of doing things that would seem like magic if we were not so used to them. But there were more wonderful inventions in the nineteenth century than in very many centuries before it, and it is these inventions that I am now going to speak about.

Do you know what lies at the foundation of all the nineteenth century progress in invention. I can tell those who do not know in three words—The Steam Engine. It is this that turns the wheels of the world, and sets everything whirling, and clanking, and throbbing, until one would think that our machines of wood and iron were alive and were doing things with their fingers of steel as we do them with our fingers of flesh. The steam engine was invented in the eighteenth century, so we have nothing here to do with it. But

if we choose to look on the work of the nineteenth century as a vast edifice built by man's hands, we can truly say that the steam engine is its corner-stone.

The earliest great invention of the century came directly from the steam engine. Robert Fulton, a deep-thinking American, put an engine in a boat, hung paddle-wheels at the sides, and made the engine set them whirling in the water, and the steamboat was invented. It was not the first steamboat. Others had been made in Europe and America. But it was the first good one, and when it went gliding up the Hudson against wind and tide, flinging the spray from its paddles and sending great clouds of black smoke from its smokestack, every one saw that a wonderful new thing had come.

**Robert Fulton
and the
Steamboat**

The people along the river were sadly frightened when they saw this strange thing crawling along up stream. It looked to them like a huge monster, spouting fire and smoke from its black throat, lashing the water with its great fins, and shaking the very trees with its roar. But they soon got used to it, as horses got used to the trolley cars, and it was not long before steamboats were running on a hundred rivers and steamships were battling with the ocean waves. Clumsy, awkward, slow affairs these were, but they were like the seeds from which great trees grow. To-day we have steamships that look like great floating hotels, and that can take you on board at New York to-day and land you in London or Paris in less than a week,

Soon something else was done with the steam engine. It was put in a sort of iron wagon, with wheels that ran on rails, and was called a locomotive. While some men were working with the steamboat, others were working with the steam-carriage, but it took longer to make a good one. The first man to succeed was George Stephenson, a poor English

workingman. In 1830 people stood looking at Stephenson's little "Rocket" as if they had seen a wonderful comet, when it shot along over the rails at a speed of thirty miles an hour, and drew a train of cars at half that speed.

I am afraid we would laugh at Stephenson's baby locomotive to-day, if we saw it beside our great steel giants which thunder over the rails with long trains of cars at more than sixty miles an hour. It is much less than a hundred years since the "Rocket" was born, but to-day there are nearly half a million miles of railway in the world, and I do not like to say how many tons of goods and how many people they carry every year.

**Stephenson and
the Locomotive**

You see what wonderful things have been done by putting the steam engine in boats and carriages. That was only the beginning. Thousands and thousands of wonderful machines have been made which would be of no use without the steam engine, and all over the earth are great factories run by steam, and producing such a vast variety and multitude of goods that it almost makes our heads ache even to think of it all. The steam engine does not do all this directly. The work is done by machines which it sets in motion, and these machines have been devised by thousands of busy inventors who spent their lives thinking them out and making them work. The engine rattles away underground just as our heart beats away in the middle of our body. As the heart keeps the whole body in life and activity, so the engine keeps the whole factory in a busy whirl, and sets in motion the fingers and toes of a thousand machines, big and little.

Nearly all these marvelous machines were invented in the nineteenth century. Do not ask me to name them all; it would be like making a dictionary. You have only to go through the factories and workshops in your cities and towns and see them for yourselves. In some of these buildings you

will see multitudes of looms, weaving cloth and carpets and many kinds of goods. Men and women are looking on, but the machines rattle away as if they do not want to be meddled with, but know very well what they are about. In other shops you may see huge hammers flattening out solid iron as if it was cheese, though they can be made to strike so softly that they will not break an egg-shell. And there are great lathes that shave away iron and steel almost as easily as a carpenter planes away wood, and huge lifts that will pick up a hundred ton lump of iron as you would pick up a chip.

Go now into other shops and you will see something very different. Here are curious little machines, as full of tiny wheels and fine steel fingers as our bodies are of nerves and muscles, which make tacks and pins, and the delicate parts of watches, and dozens of other small things, dropping them down faster than you can count. Elsewhere you may see machines printing newspapers and books, and setting type, and folding printed sheets, and acting as if they had been told what to do and went ahead and did it.

**The Marvels of
Machinery**

This is not the whole story ; it is only the beginning of it. No doubt most of you have seen machines doing many other things, working wood and iron and brass, digging in the earth, pumping in the rivers, working in the fields and the barns, hammering and twisting, rattling and roaring, some of them as noisy as thunder, some doing their work as silently as the falling leaf. It is all very marvelous ; much of it seems like magic ; to write of it seems like writing of the doings of magicians and wonder-workers. And we owe nearly the whole of this wonderful work to the nineteenth century.

But I would not have you think that all the great inventions of the century were the work of the steam engine. No, indeed, you must not imagine that. It is well to call the

steam engine the root of them all, but there were some side branches which did not depend on engine power. One of these was the sewing machine. I need not tell how useful this machine has been. For thousands of years all clothing was made by hand with the needle. Now in multitudes of homes may be seen this swift little machine worked by the foot, and doing ten times what the hand could do. In factories it is worked by steam, but it was made for a foot-power machine.

Many men tried to make a machine that would sew, but only one succeeded. This was a poor American mechanic named Elias Howe. For years he worked away at it in his humble home, very poor and often out of food and out of heart. But he succeeded at last. He invented the lockstitch and shuttle, and in that way made a machine that would do good work. But when poor
**Howe Invents
the Sewing
Machine** Howe got his machine made he had to fight for it. There are always land pirates looking out for something to steal. Some rich firms stole Howe's invention, and it took him as long to fight for it in the courts as it did to study it out in his home. At length he won his rights and forced these men to pay him, and in time he came to be very rich.

Charles Goodyear, who invented the vulcanized rubber of which all rubber goods are now made, had as hard a life as Elias Howe. Before his time all rubber got soft in hot weather, and it was of very little use. It took him years to find out that sulphur would make it hard, and he became so poor that he was half starved. And he did not grow rich like Howe. His invention did a great deal of good to the world but very little to him.

There is one other great discovery of which I shall speak here, the art of photography. I do not call this an invention.

It was a chemical discovery. And there have been many later discoveries which have made the photograph the wonderful thing it is to-day. Probably very few of you have seen one of the old-fashioned daguerreotypes, as the sun-pictures were first named. Poor things they were compared with the splendid photographs we now possess.

After a discovery is made invention steps in. Men have invented methods of printing from photographs, and we can hardly pick up a book to-day without finding in it pictures made in this manner. It used to be very slow and costly work to cut a picture on a piece of boxwood. Now one can be made very quickly from a photograph. And people seem to like them better, for they are taken directly from nature herself, and show us things as they actually exist.

**Pictures from
Photographs**

Let us consider a few large undertakings. It is hard work for a locomotive and a train of heavy cars to crawl up hill, so in many places men have bored great holes or tunnels through mountains, some of them eight or ten miles long. No one need climb over the Alps to-day; we can go through the heart of the mountains in swift trains. And in some places we can go under rivers or under cities.

Rivers had to be crossed, and great iron and steel bridges were built. Some of them hang by strong cables, looking at a distance like spider webs in the air, and others are great networks of steel rods and braces. Then for the use of ships vast canals were built. The Suez Canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea saves thousands of miles of distance in going by water from Europe to Asia. There is hardly anything which engineers will not try to do nowadays; and the works of man's hands are wonderful indeed. So I may say again that in invention the nineteenth century has been the most remarkable era that man has ever known.

CHAPTER XXIV

Morse and Edison and the Marvels of Electricity



F we should go back about one hundred and fifty years ago to a certain kitchen fireside in Scotland, we might see a thoughtful-faced boy watching the lid on his mother's kettle as it was lifted by the steam, and wondering if the power that lifted the lid could not be put to some greater use. That boy was James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, which, as you read in the last chapter, was the seed from which grew most of the great inventions of the nineteenth century.

In the same period that Watt was watching the kettle a man in Philadelphia was making another important discovery. He held the string of a kite which floated in the clouds of a thunder storm, and when he put his knuckle to a key fastened to the string there came from it a bright electric spark.

Franklin and the Kite

This spark proved that lightning is the same thing as electricity. The man's name was Benjamin Franklin, and he too was planting a wonderful seed. The power he was drawing from the clouds would in time lead to inventions even more wonderful than those that grew out of the power of steam. It is this that I wish to tell you about, the marvels of electricity.

One thing that the kite-string proved was that electricity can travel. It went into the string at the clouds, and came out of it near the ground. As time went on others learned

the same thing, and found that electricity would travel from one end to the other of a long wire. I do not know who was the first man to think that this fact might be put to wonderful use, that the traveling electricity might be made to carry news. Very likely that fancy came to more than one man, but the first to make good use of it was an American named Samuel F. B. Morse.

Morse was an artist. He had been in Europe to study painting, and when he was on his way home he heard one of the passengers on the ship talking about experiments in electricity. Franklin, this man said, had sent the electric current through several miles of wire, and the same thing had lately been done in Paris, where the current had traveled with wonderful speed.

"If that is the case," said Morse, "and if we can make electricity show itself miles away, why can we not send signals by it, and thus make the lightning talk?"

"It would be a fine thing if we could send news that way," said one of the passengers.

"Why can't we?" asked Morse.

You may be sure that these words left a man like Morse in deep thought. He did not talk much more during that voyage, and before the ship got to New York he had worked the whole thing out in his busy brain. He had contrived an alphabet of dots and dashes which could be made by the electric current and which stood for letters and words, and to-day nearly all the telegraph operators in the world use that alphabet.

**The Telegraphic
Alphabet**

"If I can make it go for ten miles I can make it go round the earth," said Morse.

Now if you know anything about invention you must know that it is easier to get an idea than to put it in practice. Poor Morse found this out. It took him years to get his

ideas to work. He spent all his money and became as poor as a beggar. Once he went a whole day without even a crust of bread to eat. But he did not give up. He kept at it till he was able to send a message through a long wire. Then he tried to get men with money to help him lay a telegraph wire, and that was as hard as the other. They listened to him, but buttoned up their pockets.

"Your wires work, Mr. Morse," they said, "but just think of the money it would cost to lay miles of wire underground! It would never pay. People are not in such a hurry for news as all that. They would rather wait for them in the good old way."

He tried to get some money from Congress, but he had to wait for five years on the slow law-makers, who never do things in a hurry. Time went on until the 3d of March, 1843, and Congress would adjourn for another year at twelve o'clock that night. Morse waited till past eleven, and then he grew so hopeless that he gave it up and went home. He was sure that all was at an end. But the next morning, when he came down to breakfast, a young lady who lived in the house met him with a sweet smile on her face and told him that his bill was passed. Congress had voted him thirty thousand dollars to lay a telegraph wire.

**Congress and
Morse's Bill**

Morse did not waste much time now, I can tell you that. He went actively at work to lay a wire underground from Baltimore to Washington, but after he had spent a year at it and most of his money was gone he found that his work was of no use. The electricity would not go through.

Then he carried a wire on poles through the air, and tried that. To his great joy it worked splendidly. He was able to talk over every mile of the wire as it was put in place, and on the 24th of May, 1844, the first telegraph message was

sent from Baltimore to Washington. It had been chosen by Miss Annie Ellsworth, the young lady who told him that his bill was passed. The message—taken from the Bible—was, “What hath God wrought?” She felt that this wonderful thing was due to God, not to man.

This is only the beginning of the story of the electric telegraph. It was soon shown that the men of money were mistaken, and that people wanted news as fast as they could get them. The wires kept spreading till in time they ran almost everywhere, and to-day none of us can go far from home without seeing one or more of these news-bearing wires. They show no signs of what they are doing; but silently the current of electricity passes along them and we know how they have been busy when we read in the morning paper of things that took place in a hundred far-off regions the day before.

**Rapid
Development**

It was soon found that short wires would carry the electric current under water, and that gave an idea to another man, as wise in his way as Morse. “If it will go under a river, why will it not go under the ocean?” he asked. “All we want is to keep the electricity from leaking out of the wire into the water, and we can do that by surrounding it with something which the current will not pass through.”

This man, Cyrus W. Field, went to work as actively as Morse had done. It was not so hard now to get men to put money into the telegraph, and he soon had workmen making a cable of twisted wires, covered with rubber, to keep the current from leaking out. This cable was loaded on two great ships which set out to lay it on the bottom of the ocean. But they had not got far out before the cable broke. They tried again the next year and it broke once more.

“It is not strong enough to bear its own weight,” said Mr. Field. “We must have a new and stronger cable,”

But it took much money to make a cable, and this was now hard to get. People did not care to go on burying their money in the sea. But Cyrus Field kept at them till he got the money, and built the cable, and loaded it on the ships again. This time all went well, and on the 5th of August, 1858, the great Atlantic cable was laid. When messages began to come over it beneath three thousand miles of sea all the nations were glad and there were great celebrations. The first message sent was from the Bible: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

But the gladness did not last very long, for in less than a month the cable quit working. Not a word or signal could be got through it, and there was dreadful disappointment. It was very hard on those who had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars of which they would never see a penny again.

**A Man Who
Would not be
Defeated**

But Field did not stop. The cable had worked and he would make one that would work better. It took him five years now to raise the money, and two years more before the cable was laid. Alas! it broke again, and the hopes of the world sank into the sea. All except those of Cyrus Field; nothing could make that man give up. He had another cable made in all haste, and this was laid without breaking and was found to work splendidly. Then the cable which had broken the year before was lifted from the bottom and spliced, and that worked as well. Thus the world had two telegraph lines under the sea between Europe and America, and Cyrus Field was the hero of his time.

Since then such lines have been laid under all seas, and we receive news every day from the most distant lands. You may remember how we read of Dewey's victory at Manila in our papers the very next day after it was won. That is only one case out of tens of thousands.

Ten years after the ocean cable was laid a most wonderful electrical discovery was made. In 1876, as no doubt you have all read, there was a great World's Fair at Philadelphia, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. And in one corner of this mighty show was a wire along which people could talk. I do not mean that they could talk by dots and dashes, but they could actually speak into the wire and their voices would be heard at the other end. Am I not right in calling this wonderful?

This was the telephone, invented by Andrew Graham Bell. Not many saw it in the Centennial, for it was modestly hidden away; but now it can be seen almost everywhere, and not a day passes but thousands of people talk over the wires to others miles away. They can make their voices heard a thousand miles off, and in time to come men in New York may be talking to men in London. Why, even pictures can be sent by telegraph, and a message can be sent in your own handwriting. No one can tell what marvels the future may bring forth.

**The First
Telephone**

I cannot tell you all that has been done with electricity, so I shall speak only of the great things, and let you find out the small things for yourselves. One of these great things is the electric light. The electric spark had been known for several hundred years, but it was not till near the end of the nineteenth century that the electric light came, a bright, steady glow that lit up out-doors and in-doors alike, and made midnight seem almost like midday.

Have you ever seen a dynamo? This is a whirling wheel of magnets which is turned at great speed by a steam engine, and gives off such a stream of electricity as had never been dreamed of before. It is this mighty current that yields the electric light, which is like a million electric sparks all welded into one and kept going hour after hour.

It takes much power to make the brilliant arc light, shining all night long as brightly as the full moon. It is the power of the steam engine transformed into electricity. It can be made to do more than give us light. It can set another engine working and give us power again. And through this power we get the electric trolley-car, one of the most remarkable developments of the century.

The long, silent wire, over head or under ground, is brimful of electric power, which flows along the trolley-pole into the car, sets its engine whirling, and drives the car swiftly over the rails. This power can do greater work still; it can move huge locomotives, dragging trains of loaded cars; it can set the wheels of a factory whirling; it can move the little sewing-machine, the bicycle, the automobile, the electric launch, and do a hundred other things. What it may come to do in the future no man can say.

**Electricity as a
Motor**

I have no doubt that many of my young readers have been looking for the name of another great inventor, the magic-working Edison. I have not mentioned him, because he did not invent any of the marvels I have named, though he did much to bring them to perfection. For years Edison worked on the electric light, the telephone, and the electric motor, making hundreds of useful improvements and inventions. He showed the world how sixteen messages could be sent at once over a single telegraph wire, and how words could be telegraphed far faster than ever before.

But the most remarkable of his inventions was the marvelous phonograph. This is not an electrical instrument, but it came from his studies in electricity. You may talk, or whistle, or sing into this machine, and when you start it moving your voice will come back to you, just as if there was some tiny fairy inside who had caught your words and spoke them

back again. That is not all ; you can hear it as well in a year from now—or in a hundred years, if you live that long. Your words have made little marks upon a roll of gelatine inside, and as long as those marks remain the machine can repeat what you have said to it. When a great speaking trumpet is attached to the phonograph we have the graphophone, which talks loud enough to **Edison's Phonograph** be heard all over a large room.

Here I shall have to stop. I have not told you the quarter of Edison's wonderful work, nor the tenth part of what has been done in electricity. Men look on electricity as the great power-giver of the future. No one can guess what may come from it. Its future is hidden in mystery. But when we think of what has been done in a quarter of a century we cannot help feeling that the years ahead of us may yield marvels more striking than any we have seen.

CHAPTER XXV

The Wonders of Science



THIS chapter is to be about the wonders of science. Do you all know just what that means? Science is knowledge; but it is not the whole of knowledge. We can know many things which have nothing to do with science. History and biography and art are not science. Invention, which I have been telling you about, is not science. Science is discovery, but not the inventive kind of discovery. When we discover anything new about the world we live in, anything about its animals, its plants, its minerals, about its air and its water, about our own bodies and minds, about the sun above us and the stars and planets around us, we are dealing with science. When we take any of the things of the earth and make them useful to man in some new way we are dealing with invention. **Science and Invention** Science, you see, teaches us about things as God made them. Invention gives us things as man makes them. I hope you perceive the difference.

Does science belong to the nineteenth century? some one of you asks. Not at all. Men have been learning new things about nature for thousands of years. But for all that, the nineteenth century was as far ahead in science as it was in invention, and I shall have to tell you about some of its wonderful discoveries. I have already spoken about the discoveries in electricity, which are both science and invention, so here I must talk about some other fields of discovery.

Let us take heat. You think you know what that is. When you touch a hot stove, and your finger feels as if it had the toothache, you are apt to fancy that something has gone from the stove into your hand. But it is not a thing, it is only a motion. The particles of your hand are set darting back and forward so rapidly that it hurts; that is all. You cannot see them, but they are always vibrating with great speed, and heat makes them move faster still. This is one of the discoveries of the nineteenth century. Heat is not a thing; it is only a motion. And it has been found that light and electricity also are not things, but only motions. This may not seem much to you, but it is a great discovery.

Let us take light, that wonder of nature by which we discover everything else. At one time it was thought that all bright objects sent out showers of very fine particles of matter, and that when these touched the eye they gave us the sensation of sight, and when they touched the skin they gave the sensation of feeling. Now we know that it is not matter, but motion, that is given off. If you **Heat and Light Motions** fling a stone into the water you see waves of motion passing out in all directions from where the stone hits the surface. If you clap your hands together you make waves of the same kind in the air, and the sensation we get from them is called sound. Hot substances give off waves of a far finer kind, and when they touch us we get the sensations of light and heat.

Just here I must speak of one of the most wonderful discoveries of the nineteenth century. You know that light will pass through glass and water and air, but that it is stopped by stone and iron and by nearly all solid substances. But not many years ago a new kind of light wave was found that would not go through glass, but would go through wood, and cloth, and flesh, and many such things.

We call this light the "X-ray." The strange part about it is that by its help we can look right through a man. We can see his bones and other organs of his body. If a bone is broken we can see the spot and the kind of break; and if there is something in his flesh that has no business there, such as a piece of broken needle, the surgeon knows just where to cut so as to take it out. You may see that the X-ray is of great use in case of accident.

When we talk of light it sets us thinking of the far-off light-givers of the sky, the sun and the stars, without which our world would be in total darkness. Scientific men for ages have been studying these shining bodies. Thousands of years ago the people of Babylonia and Egypt watched the movements of the stars, gave them names, and learned some important things about them. As time went on many other things were learned. But I may safely say that in the nineteenth century as much has been found out about the sun and the stars as was ever known before.

**Study of the
Heavens**

The sun has been watched in times of eclipse through large telescopes and a great deal learned about it. The planets, which circle round the sun as the earth does, have taught us many things. The moon has been brought so close that we can see all its mountains and valleys. And photographs of the planets and stars have been made from which many new facts have been learned.

But the most wonderful discovery of all comes from what is known as spectrum analysis. You should try and remember these two words, for you will often come across them in your later reading. They mean the analysis or study of the ray of light. There are ways, which I fear I cannot make you understand, to tell what kind of substance a light comes from; whether from iron or sodium or hydrogen or some other

element of nature. By studying the light of the stars we can tell something about the substances these are made of. We know, for instance, that the sun contains iron and hydrogen and a dozen or more other elements. And we know some of the substances in stars which are many millions of millions of miles away.

Now let us leave those far-away objects and come down to the earth, the solid ground which we tread under our feet. What has science to tell us about that? Well, one thing we learn from it is that the earth is immensely old. Men have been on its surface a long time; but ages before men came there were hosts of strange animals which died and left their bones in the rocks. These bones were turned into stone and neatly packed away for millions of years, waiting for some nineteenth century geologist to come along and dig them up and tell the world what they meant.

**Fossil Animals
in the Rocks**

You may see these fossils, as we call them, in museums of natural history, some of them very odd-looking. We learn that in those ancient times animals much larger than the elephant stalked about, and that most of these creatures were very different from the animals we see to-day. If we go very far back the animals grow smaller and simpler, and at length we come to a time when there was no life, and beyond that to a time when the earth was a ball of fire. It took very many millions of years for it to cool off and for life to begin. These are some of the things we learn from geology.

Science has not given all its time to the study of the ancient life of the earth. There is life all around us to-day—animals tiny and large, plants of all sorts and kinds; and during the past century many hundreds of busy scholars have been studying these and have told the world a great deal about them.

One of the first things they learned was that there are two kinds of animals, one with a backbone and one without. We belong to the backboned kind, and so do all the four-legged creatures around us. And not only these, but the crawling snakes and swimming crocodiles and turtles, the flying birds, and all the fishes of the sea, belong to this great class.

But there are myriads of living things about us which have no bones at all. These are the insects—the flying bees and butterflies, the leaping crickets, the digging ants, the buzzing flies, the stinging mosquitoes, and thousands of other forms which fly or crawl or burrow, and of which there are probably a million different kinds. Then there are the creeping snails, which carry their houses about on their backs, and are made on a plan very different from the insects.

**Insects and
Ocean Animals**

Such is the life on the land. You might think there was not much life in the sea, with its heaving waves and frightful storms. But science tells us that the ocean waters are full of life, from the top to the bottom of the seas, and of a wonderful variety. The fishes, of course, you know of. But there are vast multitudes of creatures of the crab and lobster kind, and innumerable hosts of sea shells, many of them very odd and beautiful.

The coral rock, which many of you must have seen, was once the dwelling place of a great many small creatures, who built this substance to live in. And the sponge, which you use in the bath, comes from an animal of a different kind, which extracts this spongy substance from the water. Then there are the spiny starfish and sea-urchins, and the strange creatures which glitter like fire-flies and which sometimes make the water look as if it was all in flames. Away down below the surface, where it is always dark, there are fishes

which look like living lanterns and light up all around them as they swim.

There is not so much to say about plants. These, you know, do not usually move about, but are fast in the ground, so that when you see a plant you are apt to look for a root and a stem and some sort of leaves. But there is a great number of different plants, and during the nineteenth century hundreds of new kinds have been found in countries that were not known before. But all plants are not rooted in the ground. There are some which

**How Plants
Grow**

float in the water, and there is one very small kind which can be seen only with the microscope, and which is found almost everywhere. We call these tiny things bacteria. They are very dangerous to man, for they get into his body and increase there rapidly, and some of them give rise to terrible diseases, such as yellow fever and consumption and cholera and many others.

This is one of the greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century. In old times doctors did not know the cause of these dreadful diseases, which would sometimes carry off millions of people in a few months. Now they know what they come from and are learning how to cure them, so that many who would have had to die in the past may be kept alive now.

There is another living being whom we have learned a great deal about in the nineteenth century, much more than was ever known before. His name is man. An old Greek writer said, as a maxim of wisdom, "Know thyself," and man is now trying to know himself. All parts of the earth have been searched and the races of men looked for, their languages studied, their modes of life observed, their tools and weapons collected, till now we know ever so much about them.

This is far from all. Man's own body has been studied as carefully as geologists study the rocks of the earth's crust. Science has dug down into us and traced our nerves and muscles, our blood vessels and bones, our heart and brain, until they have learned thousands of things about the inside make-up of a man. And they have learned much of what is going on within him—how the blood moves, how the muscles act, how the nerves carry news to the brain, and how many other things go on.

You may see from all this that science has been very active during the past century. It has learned a vast number of things about the subjects I have named and about other subjects I have not named. And now it is beginning to study something of which it knows very little as yet, and that is the mind of man. After matter comes mind. Science has for centuries been studying matter, and only lately it has fairly begun to study mind.

We know a great deal about the mind now, about how we think and feel, and how we gain knowledge, and about love and anger and fear and all the other passions, and about reason and judgment and imagination. But we know very little about what the mind is and how it works, and how it is related to the body. Men are beginning to study these things, but it will take a long time to find them out, and when they are discovered the nineteenth century may be so far away as to be half forgotten. But I think men can never forget what a remarkable century it was and how much it added to the great sum of human knowledge.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Man Behind the Machine



If any of my youthful readers had lived several hundred years ago—which, of course, is quite out of the question for such young folks as you—they might have seen men busily at work, using hand tools to bring into shape this, that, and the other thing for use in house or street. They swarmed like ants in their little workshops, and many things of use or beauty came from their skillful hands.

If you should go into one of the workshops of the nineteenth century you would find quite a different state of affairs. In old time men often worked in a room of their own or their master's house. Now you see them gathered in great factories, some of which will hold several thousand work-people. And instead of hammering and gauging and twisting away with little hand tools, they stand before whirling machines, pushing in raw stuff at one end and taking out finished goods at the other. We cannot speak of man the worker in the old sense. The machine is now the worker and man is the overseer.

**Ancient and
Modern Work-
shops**

The nineteenth century has been the century of the machine. The old system of industry is at an end, and a new system has taken its place. And glad enough we may be to have this new system; for it has made goods of every kind so cheap and plentiful, and brought so many new things into use, that in the houses of the poor to-day there is often more comfort than there was in the houses of the rich in past times.

Who would be willing now to live with bare wooden floors, and whitewashed walls, and rough benches and tables, and in houses without baths or drainage or coal fires or a dozen things which no one in these days likes to be without? Who would wish to do without matches, or gas and electric lights, or trolley cars, or daily newspapers, or telegraphs and telephones, or public libraries and parks, or—but I shall have to stop, for I might go on hour after hour telling what we have and our ancestors had not.

All this is the work of the steam engine and the labor-saving machine, and of the man behind the machine, the big-brained man who invented these useful appliances. We
The Inventors hardly know all we owe to Fulton and Morse
and the and Howe and Edison and a hundred others,
Conquerors who have done far more for mankind and have a better right to be called great than all the Alexanders and Cæsars and Napoleons and the whole brood of killers and conquerors.

But that is not what I wish to talk about. This is not the chapter of the machine—which I have told you about already—but of the man behind the machine. You must understand that when I say man here, I mean man and woman, for every day more women are coming to stand with men behind the machine. We see them in the factory, in the office, at the sewing machine, doing a thousand things they never thought of doing in old times. No one says now that woman's work is at the stove, and with the scrubbing-brush, and before the wash-tub, for we see her at the loom and the typewriter, and working busily away in a hundred other places.

I think you must know all this well enough, but there is no harm in having it brought to your minds. There is more to be said, however; the story of labor in the nineteenth century is much longer than this, and there is much to be said

about it which you do not know or have not thought of. You are young now, playing and studying; but before many years you will be in the great army of the workers, and it is well you should know something of the history of that mighty army.

Let us glance again at the workmen of the last two centuries. In the eighteenth century they were divided up into thousands of little groups, many of them working alone at home, others in a little workshop, with one master to a dozen or two of men. In the nineteenth century they became gathered into great groups, of a hundred or a thousand, or in some cases five or six thousand busy workers.

This was a great change, and it made a vast change in the conditions of the working people. They were not as free as they used to be; they were becoming more like slaves. The masters once worked with the workmen, and took an interest in all they did. A shop was a sort of family. But a man might work for years in these great factories or mills and never see his employer, and the old family feeling has passed away.

**From Family
to Factory**

This was not right treatment and it brought much trouble. Many employers were so eager to make money that they hired little children—some of them just old enough to begin their school life—and kept them working in mines and dark rooms in mills for twelve and more hours in a day. And they paid them so little that they grew rich on this child labor. Many of the poor little things took sick and died. That was a kind of murder, but it was not direct murder, so for a long time it was allowed to go on.

Fortunately, there were tender-hearted people in those days, and many of them began to pity these poor, pale, thin, wretched little ones, some of whom never saw the sun shine or a blade of grass grow, or knew what it was to have enough

to eat. As for learning, all they learned was how to do their work. When these good souls saw this they began to talk about the "slaughter of the innocents." They thought it murder, though they did not call it by that name.

First, they tried to get the masters to make life easier for the sad little sufferers. But the masters said they could not do anything, for they had to get cheap work done or others in the same business would take their customers from them. Then they tried to get laws passed to control child labor, and after much trouble they managed to do so. Laws were made which put an end to the long hours of labor. Then other

**Laws About
Child Labor**

laws fixed the age at which children should be set at work, and said that they must have some schooling. In this way law after law has been passed, making it easier and easier for children, and the old system is at an end. No selfish mill owner or mine owner can grind the lives out of the children of the poor to-day; to put more money into his fat purse. But these men did as they pleased a century ago, and it was a hard time for the poor little things in those days.

It was not only the children that suffered. The grown people did not find life very easy. Crowded into the great factories, they also worked long hours for small wages, and they hardly had time enough of their own to eat and sleep in. Every employer was trying to sell his goods at a lower price than others, so that he could gain more customers. And to do this he made his men work for as little wages and as many hours in the day as possible.

Thus, you see, the grown-up workmen were not much better off than the children. And the tender-hearted people did not look after them. They were old enough to take care of themselves, and only the helpless little ones needed friends. What did the men do? you ask. Did they look out for their

own interests? Well, they tried to; they did what they could. They began by joining together into societies which were called Trades Unions. Then, when they thought their wages were too low, and their masters refused to pay more, they would stop work and refuse to go back again until their wages were raised. This was called a strike for wages. If the masters tried to get other men to take their places, the workmen would coax them away or drive them away, and often there were fights in which many were hurt and some were killed.

The nineteenth century has been the century of strikes. You see that it has been the century of a good many new things. There were strikes in earlier times, but they were small affairs. In the nineteenth century the strikes were often very great. The Trades Unions grew in members until they became very powerful, and strikes took place in which ten thousand or a hundred thousand people were engaged. A strike came to be like a war, for ^{The} Trades Unions there were fights that were like battles, men being killed and property destroyed. In the great railroad strike of 1877 there was fighting in many of the large cities, and at Pittsburgh more than a hundred people were killed. The railroad buildings there were burned down, destroying 126 locomotives and 2500 cars full of freight. The money loss was more than \$5,000,000.

Do you ask, What has been gained by the strikes? I suppose the workmen have got some good from them, but it may be that they would have been just as well off without them. There are other ways of gaining good ends without going to war or fighting for your rights. Men do not work as many hours in a day as they did a century ago, and they get more money for a day's work. The strikes have helped to bring this about; but, as I have said, it might have come about if there had been no strikes.

Many workmen are beginning to see that the violent way is not always the best way. Nowadays we hear a great deal about arbitration. That is, the employers and workmen come together and talk over their rights and wrongs and see if their disputes cannot be settled quietly. Many men think that this would be better for both sides, for a strike costs much money, to men and masters alike. Some day all such disputes may be settled by arbitration; but there are likely to be many strikes yet, for it is hard to get men to meet each other half way.

Are there no other ways except the strike and the arbitration? Oh, yes; several other ways. There is such a thing as joining hands and working together. Many employers give a part of their profits to their workpeople. This is called "profit sharing," and wherever it is tried it seems to give satisfaction. Another way is known as "co-operation." Workmen join together and start a business of their own and divide the profits among themselves. There can be no dispute about wages, for every man gets his full share of the profits. At one time it was thought that co-operation would put an end to all labor troubles, but it does not seem to have worked very well. There are some co-operative stores in England that have been quite profitable, but there are none like them in the United States and there are hardly any co-operative factories.

I shall have to speak here of another way in which many think the labor question can be settled. It is called "Socialism," and is a sort of co-operation on a large scale. Instead of a few people coming together to start a factory or a store, the Socialists wish the government of a country to take charge of all business and do away with all private employers. If the Socialists could carry out their plans there would be no masters and no very rich men, but everybody would be employed

**Strikes and
Arbitration**

by the government and paid what his work was worth—or, as some think, all should be paid the same wages.

There are a great many Socialists to-day, and the government has control of a good many things it formerly had nothing to do with. In Europe the governments own many of the railroads and telegraph lines, and many of the cities own the trolley lines and the gas and water works. This is Socialism so far as it goes; but it has not gone very far yet, and it will have a long and hard hill to climb before it gets all it asks for.

Socialism has gone farther in Germany than in any other country. That country has got what is called “old age insurance.” That is, when workmen have reached a certain age, the government takes charge of them and pays them so that they can rest from work for the remainder of their lives. They and their employers are taxed for the money to do this; but the people there think it a very good system, and the old people are very glad of the chance to stop work when their joints are getting stiff.

Old-age
Insurance

You may see from what I have said that the nineteenth century has made many changes in the condition of the laborers. They had become much better off at the end than they were at the beginning of the century. Child labor had been brought under wise laws, women had begun to work and make their own living in a hundred new ways, and men had gained shorter hours and higher wages; the strike was fast wearing itself out, like a coat that has been worn too long, and other ways of settling labor troubles were coming into play.

But there was one thing that seemed likely to make fresh trouble. So many new and fast machines had been set at work that goods were being turned out at a wonderful rate. When all the factories were at work they made things of every

kind more rapidly than they could be used. Here was a new trouble; after business had gone on briskly for a few years the factories and stores were found to be overstocked with goods, and work had to fall off until the extra goods could be used. This is called "over-production."

This is an evil, is it not? When men make more things than they can use and have to stop work, then things are used more slowly still, because many of the working class have no wages and cannot buy them. I do not know just what is to be done about it. Nobody seems to know.

**The Evil of
Over-Production** Some say that the way to settle it is for men to work fewer hours still, so that a man cannot make so many goods in a day. But employers say they cannot pay the same wages for less work, so it looks as if it might be a long time before this bad state of affairs is settled.

As you may see, the question before us is a very difficult one. Many hard problems have come up during the nineteenth century, but it seems to me that the labor problem is the hardest of all. Many ways have been tried to solve it, and wise men are at it still, like a school-boy trying to work out a hard problem in arithmetic. How it will come out in the end no man living knows. All we can hope for is that the time will come when there will be work for everybody at living wages. But I fear that will not come to pass in the lifetime of the youngest of my readers, and perhaps not in that of their children or their children's children.

CHAPTER XXVII

Growth of Commerce and Industry



THIS is a wonderfully busy world we live in. It is in some ways like a great factory, in which a thousand wheels are revolving, hundreds of machines rattling and clanking, workpeople darting to and fro, bringing in raw material, feeding the machines, and taking away the finished goods ; a place so full of life and bustling with business that we feel as if we were caught in the jaws of some great machine, and being drawn through its restless heart.

Everywhere around us is just such a bustle and whirl. In the country men are plowing, planting and harvesting, filling their barns, feeding and milking their cows, gathering their fruit. In the city the streets are filled with hurrying people, trotting horses, and gliding cars; new houses are rising on every side and workshops are full of busy mechanics; whirl and confusion, noise and tumult are everywhere, and everything and everybody are in constant motion. On the streams and the seas boats and ships are darting along, on land strong engines are dragging long trains filled with men or goods. Everywhere man is alive and active, everywhere except in the air, and he is trying his best to travel in the air as well as on land and water.

**Human
Activity**

We have had quite a chat together about some of these things. You have read about how men have been fighting and how they have been working; about the discoveries of

travelers and the inventions of mechanics; about the marvels of science and the troubles of industry, and about various things besides. I wish to talk here about another form of human activity, that known as commerce, the carriage of goods over the earth from the people who make them to the people who use them.

Of course, you know that when a farmer digs up his potatoes and gathers in his wheat and corn, and when a manufacturer takes the goods from his loom or the iron articles from his forge, and when ten thousand other workers produce ten thousand other things to eat or use, they must have some easy way to get these things to the people who want them and who are willing to pay money for them. This moving of useful goods from place to place we call commerce. Millions of men all over the earth are engaged in it. Some,

**How Goods are
Transported**

like the peddlers, are carrying things in packs on their backs. Others are driving horses or mules or camels laden with goods. Thousands of carts and wagons, heavily loaded, are rolling along roads or streets; thousands of laden boats are moving by oar or sail along the streams. Long trains of freight cars are flying over the iron rails; huge steamships are darting at great speed through the ocean waves. All these are engaged in commerce, the transportation of goods from field and factory to warehouse and store, where the customers come to buy and take them home. The store, you see, is a useful half-way stopping place in this active industry.

Why, just think of it, you all take part in commerce yourselves. Whenever you are sent to the market or store to bring home something for use in the house, you are helping in the movement of goods from the producer to the consumer. Even when you go fishing and bring home a perch or a trout to fry for your supper, you are doing a little in this



INSIDE OF WALL SURROUNDING CITY OF PEKING, CHINA

Peking has 16 gates of which this gives a view of the most interesting. The walls of the outer city are 30 miles in circumference and are kept in perfect order. They are 60 feet high at the base and 40 feet at the top. Each of the 16 gates is surrounded with a high tower built in galleries provided with countless loopholes, all of which makes the taking of the city a most difficult operation.



BARON F. H. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT



LOUIS AGASSIZ.



CHARLES DARWIN.



THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

line. Commerce, you see, is the transportation of the produce of the earth or the workshop to the places where it is to be used. That will do for a definition, and now we will say something about the commerce of the nineteenth century.

Commerce had a remarkable growth during that century—greater, I think, than in all the centuries that went before. If you look back to 1801, the first year of the century, you will see this to be the case. Perhaps some of you may have read of a centre of commerce; that is, a land where commerce is very active. There have been many such centres. Several thousand years ago Phœnicia, in Asia, was the busiest centre. Then came Greece, then Venice and Genoa, then Holland, then England. There have been other centres, but in the year 1801 England was the great centre of the world's commerce.

**Centres of
Commerce**

England is not very large, but it is very active. All over its surface are mines and mills, where goods are produced in great abundance. And its many fine seaports are crowded with vessels, which are constantly coming and going; many of them setting out with English goods to the most distant parts of the earth; many of them coming in laden deep with goods brought from lands thousands of miles away—food for English tables, cotton for English looms, and a multitude of other useful things.

England was busy enough at the beginning of the century, but it was ten times as busy at its end. I could tell you exactly its exports (what it sent out) in 1800 and its imports (what it brought in), but I will give these only in round numbers. In 1800 the exports of Great Britain were valued at about \$215,000,000, and its imports at \$150,000,000, about \$365,000,000 in all. This seems like a large amount, but it is small enough when compared with 1900, when the total of exports and imports was nearly \$4,000,000,000, more than

ten times as much. This is certainly an enormous growth for a hundred years.

Though this seems a great deal it is only a part of the growth of the world's commerce, for other countries which were of small account in 1800 had become very active in 1900. Holland and Belgium have long been busy and are very busy still, their commerce amounting to about \$2,500,000,000 in a year. The trade of France has also grown, and is now about \$2,000,000,000. There is another country in Europe which in 1800 had very little ocean trade, but which is now one of the great centres of commerce. This is Germany, whose annual commerce is now valued at \$2,200,000,000.

**The Trade of
the Nations**

Now let us take a leap across the ocean to the great United States and see what has been going on in that noble nation of the western world. Wonderful is the only word we can use for the growth that has taken place. In 1800 the great republic was only a beginner. Its commerce resembled a young boy carrying home a pound of sugar from the store, while that of England was like a railroad train crammed full of goods. But the United States is loading its cars and is on the track after England. If it keeps on it will catch up to that country before many years. Its commerce at the end of the century was over \$2,200,000,000, and it was growing as fast as some boys grow between twelve and sixteen.

You must not think that this is the whole story. I have been talking only of trade with foreign countries. When we come to talk of home commerce, trade between the different parts of a country, the United States has no equal on the earth. You may see it for yourselves—the miles and leagues of heavily loaded freight trains, carrying vast quantities of goods to be used at home. It takes a great deal to feed and clothe and furnish and supply 75,000,000 people, and this the

United States does in great part for itself. It could get along very well if there was no other nation to draw goods from in the world. When you consider that the railroads of the whole world are about 460,000 miles long, and that about 190,000 miles of these are in the United States, you can judge how great its internal commerce must be. Why, it has 20,000 miles of railroad more than all Europe, with all its busy nations.

I might go on talking for hours about the commerce of the nineteenth century, but I do not want to tire you out, so I shall say only a little more about it.

It is, as you know, very largely carried in ships—foreign commerce, I mean,—and for it there has been built a mighty fleet of steamships. A hundred years ago only sailing vessels were used, and nearly all the commerce was between the nations of Europe; but during the century it has spread and spread, until now there is hardly a sea-port on the earth to which these great ships are not sent. Through every part of the ocean they rush as fast as steam and whirling screws can drive them, bound for every port of Africa, for all the nations of America, for the great island of Australia, for the peninsula of India with its vast hordes of people, and to lands which a hundred years ago no white man had ever seen.

**How Commerce
Has Spread**

Two great countries have been opened during the century to the commerce of the world. One of these is Japan. In 1800 a few Dutch ships were allowed to come once a year to one of its ports, and foreign goods were like curiosities to the people. Now its foreign trade every year comes to more than \$200,000,000, more than half as great as the trade of England in 1800. The other is China, which has opened many of its ports to the ships of the world, and has a foreign trade about equal to that of Japan.

Of course, the nations are looking out all the time for new places to send their goods to, and of these the most promising is China. That country, you know, is like an immense ant hill. It is swarming with people, crowded with human beings. Why, it contains more than a fourth part of all the people of the earth. Here is a mighty field for commerce if the Chinese once get a liking for foreign goods. All the trading nations of the earth are sending ships and goods to China, and some of them have taken hold of Chinese sea-ports, and claim them for their own. The United States has not done this. All it asks for is an "open door" to China. That is, it wants the same rights of trade as other countries have; but it has no fancy for swallowing up China to get its trade.

Now let us leave the subject of commerce and take a look at the foundation upon which commerce rests. In building a house we have to consider very carefully the foundation, if we do not want the bricks and mortar to come tumbling down about our ears. Everything, in fact, has its foundation, and if this is not good and strong the time will come when the edifice, whatever it is, will come creeping or rushing down.

The foundation of commerce is industry. Men must till the earth, dig in the mines, set the tools of the workshops in motion, before they can have anything to send abroad. That is the way it has long been in England and France and Holland and Germany. These have been great manufacturing countries, making goods in vast quantities, and sending them to other countries to get other goods in return, or to obtain money in payment. Much of what they get is food, for they do not raise enough at home to feed their workingmen, and must buy grain and meat and other food in foreign lands.

Do you think that a country which cannot feed itself is on a safe foundation? If its trade falls off, so that it cannot

sell enough goods in other lands to pay for its food, many of its people are likely to go hungry. Many writers think that some time this will be the fate of England. The farms of that island do not raise half enough food for its people, and it has to buy the rest. If other countries take away its trade and it cannot pay for its food its people are likely to suffer severely.

If we come now to the United States, we shall find that its commerce is built on a sounder foundation. It raises not only all the food its people need, but a large part of the food that is eaten in Europe. England would starve if it were not for the wheat and meat of the United States. Its vast corn fields and mighty wheat farms and great cattle pastures are some of the foundation stones that make the United States strong and solid. And another of these huge foundation stones is its cotton fields, which feed the looms of the world.

**The Position
of the
United States**

You may see from this that the United States could cut loose from Europe and go on very well without it; but if Europe were to cut loose from the United States many of its tables would be empty of food and its looms would soon be idle for lack of cotton thread. So it looks as if the United States had the soundest foundation of all.

It is on this solid foundation that its manufactures and its commerce have been built. The mines and the fields of the great republic yield the iron and coal and cotton and other things needed in its workshops and supply in abundance food for the tables of its people. So it has become not only a great farming and mining country, but a great manufacturing country as well. Year after year more mills and factories and workshops have been built and filled with machinery, and now that country is able to supply itself with goods of every kind, and it has a large quantity every year to

send abroad. In 1890 the value of the goods made in American workshops was over \$9,000,000,000. In 1900 it was much more than this.

I shall have to say something more about what the United States sends abroad. Its mines have long helped to supply the world with gold and silver, and are now beginning to supply it with coal of which it appears to have an abundant supply in its hills. No manufacturing country can go on long without coal. But Europe, at the end of the nineteenth century, found itself running short of this very useful substance, and the United States was called on to send many ship-loads of the "black diamond" abroad. Happily for that country, its mines of coal are deep and broad, and it can warm itself, and Europe as well, for a long time to come.

**Sending Coal
to Europe**

Now, if you do not mind, we will go back to figures again. There is nothing like figures to make business matters plain. If we compare the commerce of the nations of Europe with that of the United States it teaches us a very interesting lesson. If we look at the figures for Germany and France and Holland and Belgium, we find no great difference between exports and imports. These countries bring in more than they send out—but not a great deal more, except in the case of Germany, whose imports are about \$350,000,000 more than their exports.

In Great Britain the difference is much greater. In 1898 that country sent out goods worth \$1,400,000,000 and brought in goods worth nearly \$2,300,000,000. Here was a difference of \$900,000,000. And this difference had to be paid for. No nation gives its goods for nothing. If it cannot get other goods it will demand money. So it looks as if money, or something that stands for money, is going out of England at a fast rate.

If we go back to the United States we find there a state of affairs different from that of any of the countries named. There, in 1899, the exports came to \$1,320,000,000; the imports to \$816,000,000. That is to say, the United States sold about \$500,000,000 worth of goods more than it bought. These were made up of cotton and wheat and corn and oil and a great variety of manufactured goods.

But what I want you to notice is the large sum **Exports and Imports** owing the United States, what is known as the balance of trade. That has to be paid for in some way; so you may see that the American people are remarkably well off in their commercial relations.

Not many years ago that country sent out very few manufactured goods. Now it sends out a large quantity; and this is every year growing greater, so that the Americans are looking all the time for new markets. That is why they want an "open door" in China, and want to trade with Japan and the Philippine Islands and every other country that will take their goods. They are in the field for the world's trade along with England and Germany and some other countries, and there is likely to be a pretty hard fight. The country that can give the best goods at the cheapest price is the one that is likely to win.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The World of Our Own Time



WE have made a long journey together, and I hope every one of us, young and old alike, has seen something new on the road, and that we all end our journey wiser than when we began it. And I hope also that every one has enjoyed the ride, since it is much better to gain knowledge in a pleasant than in a disagreeable way. So I trust that each of my readers has come to this point with a smile instead of a frown. We are near the end of the road, and nothing remains but to take a look back and a look around us.

I have already pointed out the strong contrast between the years 1800 and 1900. The people who lived in 1800 may have all passed away, but there are many now living who can look back to a part of the century when the means of living were very different from what they are now. **What Our Grandfathers Saw** If you ask your grandfathers, or any of your oldest friends, about this, it is likely that some of them can tell you how they felt when they saw the first queer little locomotives running on the first rails, and how scared they were when these rattling things went by, spouting out smoke and fire from their iron throats. And others may be able to tell you how their fathers made their wills and bade good bye to all their friends when they were starting on a journey of a few hundred miles. Nowadays all we do is to hurry through our breakfast, run for the train, and shout back that we will be home to-night or to-morrow.



WILLIAM McKINLEY PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES



11 HUNG CHANG, "THE GRAND OLD MAN" OF CHINA



WILLIAM II. PRESENT EMPEROR OF GERMANY

RULERS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF AMERICA, ENGLAND, CHINA AND GERMANY



RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD G. C. B.
Prime Minister of Canada, 1878-1891



RT. HON. J. S. D. THOMPSON, K. C. M. G.
Prime Minister of Canada, 1891-1894



RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Prime Minister of Canada, 1896.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF CANADA

You can find many who are able to tell you other things than this. They can describe what a trouble it was to make a fire without matches, and with nothing better than flint and steel; and how dismal it was to go to bed in a freezing room, or to get up and go out in the snow for wood to make a fire with in the morning. They can tell you what magic they thought it when they were told that men were sending news over hundreds of miles of wire or under thousands of miles of the ocean. They can tell you of the first sewing machine, the first plowing and reaping machines, the first of a hundred other machines, and of the building of enormous factories to hold these machines and the people who kept them at work.

Have you ever read the story of the man with the seven-league boots—that very long-legged old fellow whose steps were seven leagues long? All I can say to that is that the world seems to have been traveling in seven-league boots during the nineteenth century, and getting over ground at a rate that would have made the people of the past open their eyes very wide indeed. As for us, we have got used to it, and nothing seems very wonderful to-day. If I should tell you that boats would soon be going across the ocean under water, or air-ships sailing from America to China, I fancy none of you would say, “That is impossible.” We have seen so many wonders that we are getting ready to believe that almost everything is possible.

**The Seven-
League Boots**

If one of our forefathers who went to sleep a hundred years ago was to waken up to-day and look around him in this dawn of the twentieth century, I imagine he would not take these changes quite so quietly as we do. Suppose there were some such Rip Van Winkle, who woke up after a hundred years' sleep and found himself in the midst of the whirl of this modern world! Would he not feel much like Aladdin,

when he rubbed his lamp and saw wonderful palaces springing up around him? He would certainly think that the world had gone through a marvelous transformation, and that some great magician had been at work. And what would surprise him most of all might well be to see that nobody else seemed surprised, and that people walked among these marvels without taking the trouble to look at them.

You have read in this book the story of many of these marvels, how they began and how they have grown. I do not intend to tell the story again; but I think it will be well to look around us a little and notice some of the new things which our old Rip Van Winkle would gaze at in amazement if he should waken from his long slumber.

**New Things
Worth Seeing**

I shall say nothing more about the railroad and the steamboat, the factory and the foundry, the mine and the tunnel, the telegraph and the telephone, the electric light and the trolley car, or the wonders of science and invention. You have read of all these, so we must look round us for something else of interest.

There are other things to be seen; the marvels of science and invention do not complete the story. Let us take the fine arts, for instance. Fine paintings, wonderful statues, splendid buildings, are not new things—they were known several thousand years ago. But the world was never half so rich in these as it is to-day. Our large cities are now like great art galleries. There are magnificent paintings which everybody can see—miles of them in some cities. There are grand statues, and groups of statues, in marble and bronze, in-doors and out, and the poorest dwelling may now have its humble works of art. As for magnificent buildings, we may see them by the thousands; a great city to-day is a great World's Fair of architecture.

People have to work almost as hard as they ever did, though not so many hours in the day. But the working classes are paid better and live better ; they have more comfort in their houses and more freedom out of doors. They are no longer looked down on in disdain, but consider themselves as good as the best. And they are so combined and organized that they have become one of the great forces of the world. The time has gone by when the working man had little more rights than the slave. It is not likely ever to come back again.

How the Working
People Live

What else do we see around us worth looking at? I can point to one thing which you must all be acquainted with—the school-house. In talking of the wonders of the nineteenth century it will not do to forget the school, for it is the mould in which the men and women of our time are formed.

You may not be aware of it, but there has been a grand progress in education during the century. A hundred years ago the great mass of the population could not even read and write, while the higher branches of education were only to be had by the children of the rich. All this has passed away except in half civilized countries. The men and women among us who cannot read and write feel like hiding their heads in shame. And a good education is free to all. The school-house is no longer a hut ; it is more like a palace. And the poor, little school books our fathers studied we would laugh at to-day. A good education once consisted of the “three Rs”—which stands for “Readin’, ’Ritin’, and ’Rithmetic.” I fancy very few of you would be satisfied with the three “Rs” to-day.

Education is filling the world with readers and thinkers ; and with writers, also. Nowadays nearly everybody likes to read, and more books are written and printed in a year than there were at one time in a century. No one now need go

hungry for books ; there are enough for all. And libraries are growing up everywhere, well filled with books of all kinds, so that those who cannot afford to buy all the books they want, can get plenty of the best reading for the asking. The free school, the library, and the art gallery are three of the best institutions of our times.

Other great institutions are the free hospitals, and orphan asylums, and homes for the blind and poor of every kind; for charity and benevolence have grown around us as rapidly as the other things I have named. The world has become very warm-hearted in this late day. People seem to have grown kinder, and the cruelties and sufferings which were common of old would not be permitted to-day. A prison used to be a place of torture and terror, but the kind heart of the world now makes itself felt even within the prison walls.

It is a rich old world we live in, and it is growing richer with the passing of the years. I think I have said that or something like it before, but it is worth saying again.

But what is that low, deep sound which falls in music on our ears—that long, strong, ringing stroke? Is it not some great clock striking the midnight hour? Ah! I know its meaning now ; it is the knell of the century, the stroke of its final hour. The nineteenth century is passing away—a hoary old man, deep-laden with years and honors. The twentieth century is coming in, a fresh young child, rich in the wealth of the past. With that midnight stroke our work closes, for with it the story of the nineteenth century, with which we are here concerned, comes to an end, and a new century, bright with the starlight of promise, takes its place.

* Thirty-eight pages are here added to the folio of the previous page to include the full page lithographs and half-tone illustrations not heretofore numbered.



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